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OLD SHADY, WITH A MORAL.

I NOTICED recently that General Ben Harrison, a candidate for President of the United States, found himself called on to deny a charge of having said that a dollar-a-day was all that an American laborer should expect. I remember when I, myself, worked for half a dollar a day—Sundays, holidays and rainy days excepted—and we all remember when Congress enacted thirteen dollars a month with a ration per day, full compensation for an able-bodied soldier who had to work twenty-four hours a day, Sundays and holidays included, with the chance of getting killed or wounded thrown in gratis.

We should be above such demagoguery now, and I am sure the people of the United States are not to be deceived by such nonsense. Still this circumstance calls to my memory a little episode which may explain the matter even to the satisfaction of the most prejudiced.

July 4, 1863, the Union Army captured the city of Vicksburg. In the siege were three corps d'armée: The Thirteenth, McClernand; the Fifteenth, Sherman; and Sixteenth, McPherson. After the surrender, the Thirteenth Corps was sent by General Grant down the Mississippi to assist at Port Hudson and the Lower River towns; the Fifteenth, Sherman, was dispatched inland to Jackson and Raymond to drive the rebels well out of Mississippi, and the Sixteenth, McPherson, remained in Vicksburg as a permanent garrison.

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A great many negroes, slaves, had escaped within the Union lines. Some were employed as servants by the officers, who paid them regular wages; some were employed by the Quartermaster; and the larger number went north, free, in the Government chartered steamboats.

Among the first class named was a fine hearty "darkey," known as "Old Shady," who was employed by General McPherson as steward and cook at his headquarters in Mrs. Edwards' house in Vicksburg. Hundreds still living, among whom I may safely name General W. E. Strong, of Chicago; General Hickenlooper, of Cincinnati, Mrs. General Grant, Fred Grant, Mrs. Sherman and myself, well remember "Old Shady." After supper he used to assemble his chorus of "Darkies," and sing for our pleasure the songs of the period, among them one personal to himself, and, as I then understood, composed by himself. It was then entitled the "Day of Jubilee," but is now recorded as simply "Old Shady"; and I do believe that since the Prophet Jeremiah bade the Jews "to sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations," because of their deliverance from the house of bondage, that no truer or purer thought ever ascended from the lips of man than did at Vicksburg in the summer of 1863, when "Old Shady" sang for us in a voice of pure melody his own song of deliverance from the bonds of slavery. Here it is, not in full, for other verses have been added, but I give it entire as it *then* was:

OLD SHADY.

Yah! Yah! Yah! Come laugh wid me,
De white folks say Old Shady am free,
I 'spec de year of ju-be-lee
Am a coming, am a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer.
Den away, den away, for I am going home.

REPEAT.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
Den away, den away, for I am going home.

Old massa got scared, and so did his lady;
Dis chile break for old Uncle Aby.
Open the door, for here's Old Shady
A coming, a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

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Good-bye, Mass Jeff; good-bye, Mass Stephens.
'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins.
I 'spec by-and by you'll see Uncle Abraham
A coming, a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good-bye, hard work without any pay,
I'se going up North where de white folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Am a coming, am a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! I'se got a wife and a nice little baby,
Way up North in the lower Canady.
Won't they shout when they see Old Shady
A coming, a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Now it is plain to me that "Old Shady" is responsible for the saying that white wheat bread and a dollar a day were all the old slave hoped for. I have no doubt that General Harrison has helped us sing that song with an emphasis amounting to an indorsement, just as Generals Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Logan, Strong, Hickenlooper, etc., have often done. After the war I met Old Shady on a steamboat on the upper Mississippi, when he sang for us on the hurricane deck that good old song, which brought tears to the eyes of the passengers; and more recently I heard of him far up in Dakota, near the "Lower Canady," toward which he seemed to lean as the coigne of safety, where his wife and "nice little baby" had sought and obtained refuge. I believe him now to be dead, but living or dead, he has the love and respect of the old army of the Tennessee which gave him freedom. "Good bye, Mass Jeff; good bye, Massa Stephens," was a beautiful expression of the faithful family servant who yearned for freedom and a "dollar a day." And yet "Old Shady" was only one of the tens of thousands of slaves who escaped from bondage to freedom in the days of our National struggle. More than two millions of slaves were practically free before Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Freedom. That proclamation was simply the notice by the high sheriff of the nation of a

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concluded fact. I saw the whole process of emancipation from beginning to end. I have attended the auction sales of slaves in the rotunda of the St. Louis Hotel, New Orleans, of which Colonel Mudge, of Illinois, was the proprietor and landlord. I have seen old men, women, and children put up at auction and sold like animals; the father to one, mother to another, children to a third, and so on. I have seen young girls in new calico dresses inspected by men buyers as critically as would be a horse by a purchaser—eyes, hair, teeth, limbs, muscles, etc., etc.—and have seen spirited bidding for a wench of handsome form and figure by men of respectable standing. Such things were then common—not so now; and say what we may, we are more the creatures of habit than of original thought.

My firm belief is that domestic slavery at the South before the war was not cruel and inhuman. As a rule the family servants were treated as well as the average hired servants of to-day—but the "field hands" were regarded and treated as animals; and it is one of the most extraordinary anomalies in political history, that the owners of these slaves, who were not one-twentieth of the whole population, should have ruled their fellow citizens with despotic severity. They controlled the fashions of their neighbors, dictated to the counties or parishes and States, and were even arrogant to the United States of America in Congress assembled.

Looking back on the condition of facts in 1861, we are simply amazed that such things could be. I well remember when the merit of an army officer was measured in the inverse ratio of the distance of his birthplace from Fairfax Court House, and when Lieut. Braxton Bragg, in 1840, at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, under orders for the Florida war, asked leave to go by land instead of by sailing vessel to visit en route and at his own expense his old, sick father, premised his written application thus: "I was not lucky enough to be born in Virginia, but I was born in a county of North Carolina, bordering on Virginia—and *therefore* I ask leave to proceed by land to Florida, etc., etc." Of course, he got prompt orders to embark at once with the first batch of recruits by sea to St. Augustine. Again, on another occasion, at Fort Moultrie, S. C., in 1845, the officers gave a Fourth of July banquet to the citizens, among them one Stewart of the Charleston *Mercury*, the impersonation of the fire-eating secession class. With him the United States of America was the sov-

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ereign State of South Carolina, into which confederation he grudgingly admitted Virginia with qualifications. Responding to his toast he spoke most disrespectfully of North Carolina, and described it as a "strip of land lying between two States," viz., Carolina and Virginia. Bragg, who was present, was bound to resent this indignitv to his native State—high words and a challenge passed—pistols for two, coffee for one the next morning—but John F. Reynolds and I, from remote and obscure regions like Pennsylvania and Ohio, were chosen peacemakers, and succeeded in getting Stewart to admit that North Carolina was a State in the Union, claiming to be a Carolina, though not comparable with *South* Carolina. At all events we postponed the battle. In truth, at that period, 1845, old Blackburn Madeira and Scotch whiskey were more plentiful at Charleston than now, and will account for the silly quarrels and pretensions of that day. I think I knew Bragg as well as any living man, appreciated his good qualities, and had charity for his weaknesses. His heart was never in the Rebel cause. He was of Scotch descent, was austere, severe, stern, of great integrity, and had he followed the example of his best friend, George H. Thomas, might have transmitted an honorable name to posterity.

But I must return to the negro race. They still form one-tenth of our aggregate population. They were once slaves, but are now free ; not only free, but entitled by the Constitution and law to all the privileges of American citizenship. They are a kindly, domestic and inoffensive race, and since the world began no higher virtue was ever exercised than by these lowly people, who toiled in the fields to raise corn and food for the Rebel armies in Virginia and Georgia whom they knew to be employed to perpetuate their own bondage. Every Southern gentlemen who has a spark of knighthood left in his nature should take off his hat to the old bondsman who staid at home to care for his mistress and the young ladies while he was himself away fighting to destroy his own government, and to strengthen the fetters which bound his slave to the master. That bondsman is now free, and by the Constitution and laws of his land is entitled to a vote as though he were born a free white man ; but we all knew then, as we know now, that Constitutions and laws are idle winds. People are governed by usages, customs, and not by laws.

The negro is not permitted to vote if the vote disturbs the

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judgment of the white majority; and if it changes the verdict of their former masters, it is not counted.

What is the use of shutting our eyes to a well-known fact? We did so from 1850 to 1860, and have paid the penalty. The next war may be avoided by reason and common sense, and if I can help to avert it, I will feel more honored than in past victories and triumphs. I say to the South, Let the negro vote, and count his vote honestly. It will not disturb, but, on the contrary, will hasten your prosperity and stability as a people. There is no use of talking to me about "Bloody Shirts"—I have seen enough of them; yea, coats and overcoats ensanguined by the heart's blood of the best men who ever lived. I begged and implored my friends in Louisiana, in 1861, not to arouse the enmity of the sleeping lion of the North. Ever since the beginning of time, Southern people have been quick to anger, but not enduring. The Northern people, per contra, are slow to anger, but once aroused are not easy to allay. The Northern people will not long permit the negro vote to be suppressed, and yet be counted in the political game *against* them. Better meet the question honestly. Ask the abrogration of Article XIV. of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, or allow the negro to vote, and count his vote. Otherwise, so sure as there is a God in Heaven, you will have another war, more cruel than the last, when the torch and dagger will take the place of the muskets of well-ordered battalions. The negro is gaining in experience and intelligence every day, and he has read Byron: "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?" Should the negro strike that blow, in seeming justice, there will be millions to assist them. Were I to-day a citizen of Louisiana, as I was in 1861, I would far prefer "Old Shady" as a voter than any of the Bohemians who reach Castle Garden by thousands every day of the year. I know my Southern friends will answer, why not leave us alone? "We are now all agreed—we are 'solid.'" So they were in 1861, when a tithe of their number, united by self-interest, made the whole mass to sacrifice their lives and wealth for the alleged protection of the slave property of the few.

I confess that I feel partial to the colored people of the United States. During the war they had a difficult part to play. They understood from beginning to end their status in our community.

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They were faithful to their masters and mistresses. They never betrayed the confidence of a poor Union soldier who had escaped from his prison and was trying to reach "God's country." They knew the geography of the country in which we were operating, and always answered our questions honestly and truthfully, which is more than their white masters did; and best of all, in the crisis of their fate, they did *not* resort to the torch and the dagger, as their race had done in San Domingo.

I remember well that Henry Clay often asserted that his colored boy, ———, was the most accomplished gentleman in America. I myself have seen General Persifer F. Smith, of Louisiana, take off his cap and make a profound bow to every colored man whom he met in San Francico in 1849, because, he said, they were the only gentlemen who kept their promises. And I here assert that Henry Sampson, of San Francisco, a slave to Colonel Chambers, of Rapides Parish, La., who paid through *me* twelve hundred dollars for his freedom, though the law would not have enforced one cent, was as well qualified to exercise the great American right of suffrage as any single man now resident in the State of Louisiana. What more beautiful sentiment than that of my acquaintance "Old Shady": "Good-bye, Massa Jeff; good-bye, Massa Stephens; 'scuse dis nigger for takin' his leavin's"—polite and gentle to the end. Burns never said anything better.

When the army I had the honor to command from "Atlanta to the Sea" reached Savannah, the first essential step was to carry, by assault, Fort McAlister, in order to open up communication with the fleet sent in anticipation with supplies. The work was promptly and genteelly done by the Second Division of the Fifteenth Corps, commanded by General W. B. Hazen. I was watching the assault from a rice mill across the Ogeechee, but as soon as I saw the Rebel flag go down and "Old Glory" go up on the flagstaff, I jumped into an oyster boat and pulled down. Reaching the McAlister plantation after dark, I was conducted to the overseer's house, where General Hazen and his officers were taking supper. I, General Howard, and the few officers with me were invited in, an invitation promptly accepted, because we had had nothing to eat since daylight. General Hazen, who sat at the head of the (kitchen) table, remarked: "General Sherman! Major Anderson who commanded the captured garrison is now a

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prisoner of war out in the 'corral.' He is a gentleman. May I invite him to share our supper?" "Of course, this is your table, and I am only your guest; certainly bring the major in." An aide-de-camp was sent, and soon entered Major Anderson in handsome dress of approved gray, with decorations on the collar to indicate his rank. He was courteously received by General Hazen, introduced to me and the others, and shown to a seat opposite me at that (kitchen) table. He looked at me hard to discover the horns and talons of the devil, for at that time my reputation was not good at the South; but, like myself, being hungry, he lay to on the ham, hard bread and coffee served out to us by our host. He was naturally somewhat oppressed at the thought that his post had been carried by assault, and I attempted to compliment him on his gallant defense. In time he finished his first cup of coffee, and turned to the servant in waiting with the familiar coffee-pot, and recognized his own boy "Bob," who had been his own servant and slave two hours before in Fort McAlister. He seemed overwhelmed at the recognition, and turned to me. "General Sherman, may I speak to this individual?" "Certainly," I answered; "but, Bob, remember you are now a free man; answer the gentleman truly and politely, without fear or favor." "Bob," said Major Anderson, "is it possible that you have run away to the Yankees?" "Oh!" answered Bob, "I'm working for Mr. Hazen." Here was a black man who two hours before was the slave of Major Anderson in the rebel Fort McAlister now working cheerily for wages with *Mr.* Hazen. We never construed a negro as a prisoner of war. Anderson, after receiving his cup of coffee from his former slave, "Bob," said: "General, it looks to me as though the game was up." "Yes," I answered, "the game is up. Slavery is gone, and the Southern Confederacy a thing of the past."

I believe that the game *was* up, long before Appomattox. The American Union is as firmly established on the basis of equality of citizenship and personal freedom of action as any nation on earth. Let us freely accord to the Negro his fair share of influence and power, trusting the perpetuity of our institutions to the everlasting principles of human nature which tolerate all races and all colors, leaving each human being to seek in his own sphere "the enjoyment of life, liberty and happiness."

W. T. SHERMAN.

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ARTIUM MAGISTER.

WITHIN the precincts of most American colleges modern doubts and questionings have found lodgment. Some minor misgivings as to the Pentateuch and a manifest uneasiness regarding Joshua are noticeable, even among theological dons and students, but the plenary inspiration of the classical curriculum has been accepted with childlike faith.

Until thirty years ago the course based upon abundant classics, limited mathematics, and a feeble administration of physical and metaphysical science, in high homœopathic dilutions, constituted liberal education, and ever since the modern invasion of the universities by special schools of science, the old department of arts has been held to rank all others in honor and prestige. Its faculty and its alumni have ordinarily been able to control university policy, or at least, by the force of assumption and tradition, to sustain the pretensions of their guild. This assumed superiority of the American academic professor and student was neither idle vanity nor sophomorical conceit, but the natural outgrowth of a conviction that had come down unchallenged since European universities ceased to be mere schools of disputation at the close of the Middle Ages, and gave themselves over to the revival of classical literature, thought, and feeling.

It is a simple and natural survival of the Renaissance idea that classical learning was the only learning ; a belief only justifiable then because Europe was utterly unconscious of *Arab* knowledge, and irritatingly droll to-day in full sight of the glorious progress of modern science. The difference between educated and uneducated Europeans three hundred years ago lay in a knowledge of that rare, subtle race-genius which had so clarified the Greek mind and tongue, as to make them once and perhaps forever the perfect home of art and letters ; and in

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a true understanding of that coarse, robust, but grand Roman people, who in their time were the builders, law givers, and governors of the world. Intellectual culture in the days of the Revival could only be achieved by straining the keen ear of youth till it heard, across the gulf of silent ages, some faint echo of Roman oratory or dying vibration of Greek song; for Europe had little of contemporary value or interest wherewith to feed the keen minds whose birth secured for them the advantages of university education. Their age could only blind them to the future and deafen them to the present, and point them back to the dim past, to the lives and achievements of two absolutely extinct civilizations, and say:

"Here is your repast, feed and grow strong on the immortal beauty and deathless wit of ages ago, for to-day offers you nothing. Fear not because all this body of classical remains is old, or because the genius that gives it eternal life can never again inform a modern race nor speak through living lips. None the less it is the most vital, fresh, young, and sparkling creation of the human brain, and the highest dedication of which youth is capable is to quench its happy thirst from the limpid fountains of Hellas and bathe its strong limbs in the yellow flow of Tiber."

All this claim was solemnly true; there was nothing better, there was even nothing else. Greek poetry and art were, and are, and always will be, as fresh as flowers gathered at dawn with the night-damp still upon their petals. No softest shade of color has faded, nor perfumed exhalation been lost. Matchless in the limpid purity of their artistic impulses, bold with the archaic simplicity of emotions not yet "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," rendered in form of word or marble with a fluent ease never in other time or place distantly approached, what wonder if high classic literature and art became a curriculum.

And because four hundred years ago an Italian youth, having nothing else to study, opened his heart and head to the splendid illumination of classical learning and was conscious of his superiority over the ignorant dolt of his day, therefore, an American professor of a classical subject felt entitled twenty-five years ago to look down upon a teacher of natural science, and by the same quaint sort of logic the Yale academic students excluded "scientifics" from boat and fence.

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It was only after an army of classical graduates had vainly tried to equal the practical achievements of men trained in scientific knowledge of laws that underlie and govern a vast number of pursuits and labors of life, that the arrogance of the academic people began to give way to a somewhat dazed consciousness that there really was a prodigious new department of human activity founded upon this inferior and half despised thing—science, and that their whole laborious and solemn ten years of pottering with two dead languages had fitted them to cope with this fresh life about as much as a cup of five o'clock tea would have done.

With this conviction came the sudden growth of the true university spirit, and a consequent breaking of the classical idol; and now the academic faculties are falling back in line with the other co-ordinate parts of their institutions, and struggling like good fellows to keep anywhere near in time with the stalwart stride of science. If the college classicist no longer pretends to be the only educated man, if he has submitted without a murmur to be reduced to the ranks, he still indulges in more or less quiet, modest talk concerning an intellectual polish which is the exclusive privilege of his curriculum, and an aristocracy of "finish." Scientific faculties are content if they can get a man's brains to begin. It is only the classicists who aim to put the epitaph "finished" on a young mind.

In whichever of the three ways we may value classical education—whether for the general good it can do the mind, for a positive working knowledge of two languages, or for that far loftier purpose, the engrafting of classical method and genius so as to make them a living part of the modern spirit and character—in order to achieve anything great, a radical reform in the present American mode of dealing out instruction is needed. That reform is beginning, but only beginning. American professors are learning many good things at the Athens school, and many others from the really advanced home universities, and in time we may fairly hope that American classical scholarship and teaching will be lifted to the level of European vitality and productiveness.

Honestly set forth, the classical claim to usefulness and honor in the field of education would just now sound something in this wise: "We have renounced the old notion that a devotion of ten years to classics is the sole pathway to learning. We admit that an avalanche of materialistic and scientific activity has burst in

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upon human progress, overwhelming society, demanding a new race of scholars, and a new mode of particular education. Yet while society has changed in the past fifty years more than in any other five hundred, the native capabilities and qualities of the human mind are unchanged; and we hold firm to the faith of the Renaissance that the old classical curriculum is the only one competent to build the atoms of the brain into an organ of order and beauty, molded upon lines of the noblest models, and embellished with that elegant sense of form and power of precise expression which may only be taken by a sort of studious contagion from long contact with the best work of the Greeks and Romans.

"There is no learning equal in its own qualities of positive value to the classical learning. The higher Greek and Roman poets, orators, statesmen and artists differ in kind from all others, and their kind is the greatest. Mind for mind, theirs was the most symmetrical, the most harmonious, the world has known. Hence the study of this highest order of human genius and of these most finished works of man is not only the surest but the only way to acquire the method of truest thinking and choicest expression.

"Therefore, young men, we invite you to enter in at the classical gate, and we promise to impart to you something of these supreme qualities of mind. You, beyond graduates of other curricula, shall inherit the glorious domain of literature and art, for to you we propose to unveil the genius of grace and beauty, the very soul and spirit of Greek 'music.' You shall know how tragedy is made to cut its lines into the depths of the human heart: you may learn to feel the almost holy subtleties of Greek art. You only can gather intellectual weight from the massive brain of Rome. By degrees your very nature will grow into a fair reproduction of Greek and Roman shape and finish.

"So when you go out into the world of America and undertake to do something, no matter what (for we don't pretend to fit you for anything in particular), you ought at least to succeed in doing it in a quasi-classical mode; your deeds, if intelligently scrutinized, will be seen to have about them a little air of distinction, which the lamented Arnold justly told us was sadly lacking hereabouts. Even if you don't reach such an outward and discernable condition as distinction, within your own soul will abide the private and personal joy that you are of the company of the illumined. There-

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after if in active life you sink below the surface of mediocrity and achieve positively nothing, as is, alas, the case with most alumni; if the little classical polish we are able to impart is scratched off by the vulgar attrition of democratic society, and in ten years you forget your Greek alphabet, and the last traces of the aroma of scholarship evaporate from your academic robe, at least you will possess a degree in arts, and that is a treasure you will value even more as time rolls on and you forget how to translate it."

But unfortunately for the young man who accepts this invitation he will soon find that our method of classical training has steadily declined until at last its force is mainly wasted upon analysis. Gradually, instructors have turned from the *art of language* to the *science of grammar*. Hence the only authors whose utterances have found a real and permanent lodgment in the undergraduate mind are those mighty lamps of the grand dark heaven of antiquity, Messrs. Andrews & Stoddard, Harkness, and the other children of Dionysius Thrax. Sophocles and Plato, Horace and Juvenal, are from the American university point of view almost valueless of themselves, but if skillfully used by a clever and practiced tutor they can be made to light up the glories of that laureled hellenist, Albert Harkness, and the rest of the company of compilers.

No art can be taught by analysis. Art is learned only in the doing; and the reason why American classical culture and the literary life that should be the outgrowth of ten years of literary study are so sterile and dry is that the languages are left as dead as they are found. Not only are Greek and Latin dead at the hour of graduation, but painfully soon they are buried and forgotten. When lately it was discovered by an inquisitive member of a New York club of graduates that a Greek motto attached to their polite and erudite institution, how many of the first dozen classical graduates could make head or tail of it, till one, more practical than the rest, dug it quietly out, like a boy of fifteen, by the aid of a lexicon?

Suppose a strange archaic barge should land to-morrow at the Battery, and the morning papers, if they could find room between crime, base-ball, and politics to make the usual modest announcement which they permit themselves concerning literary matters, should say that "one Charon had ferried over the shades of Theocritus and Horace from transstygian fields?" Naturally

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some A. M. with keen relish for a practical joke would "put them up" with ten-day cards at that most appropriate of all American houses, the University Club. Yet how many of this company of a thousand alumni, the most of whom devoted the great force of their educational life to the languages of these two eminently clubable gentlemen, would be able to sustain a two-minutes' conversation with either?

It is hard to imagine two bards more charmingly fit for a bright after-dinner chat, two men whose *savoir vivre* and wit, whose artistic perceptions and easy mastery of social art, should insure them a heartier and more intimate welcome, and crowd the elegant apartments of the Madison avenue illuminati. Yet it is doubtful if two pronounced cases of confluent smallpox would more effectually clear the building of classical graduates; and if a casual country member should accidentally happen in, is it likely he would get much further than to unveil to the strangers the rites of a *cauda galli?* Certain it is that no two-edged sword will ever drive these alumni out of the Eden of Madison Square for having eaten too freely of the tree of classical knowledge.

A free and joyous flow of language, the subtle ceremony of marrying words to ideas so that they forever go hand in hand as one, can no more be taught by grammatical analysis, than the secret of life can be learned among the severed fragments of a dissecting-room.

Imagine a people who all the summer days, by every river bank, along the cool marge of crystal lakes, and wherever sand and sea-coves found each other, were gravely to maintain costly schools of *analytical* swimming, where instructors, year by year, went through the solemn farce of teaching the picked youth of a nation to swim on tables. The command of the academic curriculum to-day is: "plunge not in the cool flood; float not in the gay ripples of the softly moving ebb; dive not down into the olive-dark shadows under canopy of river-loving trees; but solemnly and all together, in divisions and classes, under the eye and according to the will of pedagogues who have never even been ducked, put your young stomachs on the regulation pine-table, wait for the tutor to call your name, then kick! swim! struggle! go through the prescribed motions, till the next victim be signaled." Is there a professor of them all who dares to dream that the Greeks gained their splendid mastery of literature by any such

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stultifying process? Pity the poor boys whom custom has compelled to squander the best of their educational life without one plunge into the real waters of classic art!

"Ye shall know them by their fruits," is the Divine test. It is also the only real human test of men and institutions. When the faculty of a university offers to receive a boy of sensitive age and unformed mind and fit him for a high life, we have a right to subject its work to this judgment and calmly and seriously examine the harvest. What fruits are to-day ripening on the tree of American classical culture, red and amber in the sunshine, filled with fresh, lively juices, or perfumed with the rare, delicate aroma that once scented the sunny slopes of Attica; what fruit painted with the dyes that aforetime purpled the vintage of the Roman mind?

To keep within the actualities, what contribution to permanent literature has this nation received from the tens of thousands of men whose youthful force and intellectual freshness and first enthusiasm were sacrificed to this ghastly tread-mill during the past twenty years. Since the war, over fifty thousand youths have been dedicated to literary education, and yet literature can hardly be said to exist in the present young generation; and of the few who strive to burn a lamp still fewer show by the subtlest analysis a chemical trace of that unmistakable classic element which is to art what gold is to coinage.

The university requirements are now for entrance what they were fifty years ago for graduation, and the average age of matriculation is now above eighteen years, the time at which our grandfathers were graduated. In consequence college life is carried on into maturer years than formerly; yet, notwithstanding this, in nearly every American college recitations are maintained. After seventeen a recitation is a stultification. To be forced to stand up before a class division and run the gauntlet of one of those prosecuting attorneys of education, the cross-questioning tutor or professor, whose chief object seems to be to exercise a certain impish acuteness which is the crown and reward of his years of dull drudging, and disgrace a student if he can, is a humiliation that no boy is likely to suffer in after life, unless under criminal indictment. As a mode of teaching the noble arts of language and literature, it would be ludicrous if it were not sad and full of shame.

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The most serious manifestation of American letters is undeniably the Boston school of Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Channing. Their average time of graduation was eighteen; or, to express it otherwise, they escaped before the strangulation process was complete, or, as the dons would say, the "standards" were not then "raised."

Of the modern school of new writers who have grasped their pen since the war, it would be no treason to say that their many charming and pretty successes are certainly free from any classical taint. In fiction, for example, we have Bret Harte, James, Howells, Cable, Aldrich, Egbert Craddock, and Mrs. Burnett, not one of whom suffered the classical curriculum. And among other writers of contemporary American fiction, how many who are masters of art on parchment are really masters on paper? Of the Chesterian and Groverian bards of New York, Stedman escaped from college while yet a sophomore, and Stoddard and Gilder escaped altogether.

The classical curriculum has been vaunted as making the best average all-round cultivated mind, as (whatever may be its failures) stimulating a love and appreciation of the intellectual life, and thus, in a vague general way, justifying its claims to beneficence. It is held that Bachelors and Masters, even if fumbling and clumsy failures in their own proper sphere of *arts*, carry the marks of their superior mental condition into the arenas of the various learned professions; that a lawyer is far better at the bar for his disused Greek and half-forgotten Latin; that a surgeon does his tracheotomy with a certain recognizable sense of finish, because for eight years he was prevented by a bad method from learning two dead languages; that a divine can render the faith more clear and touch the erring human heart more gently for knowing all the rules and most of the exceptions in Greek and Latin grammar. The classicists are welcome to all the comfort they can derive from the modest amount of truth underlying this claim. But the great fact remains that within the field of literary art is the region where we have right and reason to look for the achievements of these Bachelors and Masters of arts made in annual thousands by American colleges. Yet just there we find the most arid and barren desert within the circumference of American life.

Every other profession and each technical department is throb-

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bing with real life and is full of men who, with greater or less success, carry out and accomplish the purpose of their special training; who, in other words, make practical use of their education. But where are the writings of these men of special training; where are the results of this attempt through eight or ten years to remold the brain on the classical pattern and infuse that fine and perfect style which in Greek time came from nature and the practice of one's own art, but which now is expected to result from drudgery and analysis of the art of others; where is the evidence of that quick, correct taste which it is the first business of literary culture to implant and nurture, that fresh, discriminating sensitiveness of soul, without which no man is *master*, no, nor the humblest *slave* of *art?*

Genuine love is the only lasting incentive to any art, but that very *love* of letters is the last thing the American drudgemaster succeeds in implanting. Isocrates, who knew what true teaching was and is, had carved in golden letters over the door of his school Ἐὰν ᾖς φιλομαθής, εὖ ἕξει πολυμαθής. And stout old Roger Ascham, who found the straight road to the teacher's goal, wrote: "In mine opinion the school-house should be, indeed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure and not of fear and bondage." No one, even in irony, calls an American school a *ludus literarius.*

Dull respectability is about as high as the generality of alumni reach in the realm of literary art. And this, in the writer's belief, is because of the curious distortion of classical education from an art pleasure to a peculiarly dry pedantic torture. It is because an education is joyless and grinding and barren, which makes a boy parse instead of feel Æschylus, and scan rather than discern Virgil. Before a slow fire of analysis he has been stuffed with syntax till like a Strasburg goose his poor engorged faculties are beyond recovery. Taken at a sensitive age, he is systematically worried and finally ruined for polite letters or high art.

There can hardly be conceived a greater calamity befalling a young man born with a talent for literature than to have him elaborately and expensively spoiled in an American classical college. Better far that he should be a cowboy, with the Bible and Shakespeare in his saddle-bags, the constellations his tent, the horse his brother, than to have life, originality, and the bounding spirit of youthful imagination stamped out of him

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by a competent and conscientious corps of badgering grammarians.

The writer, although an indifferent classic, yields to none in his earnest and respectful devotion to classic letters and arts. They are to him an ever flowing, ever refreshing fountain, whose waters are among the best for quenching the intellectual thirst. It is only the American *method* that he laments and pities.

This astounding over-valuation and over-use of grammatical analysis sharply recalls Alexandria during the Ptolemies, when formal grammar, although not positively a new invention, first rose into prominence, and made a bold push to fill the void in intellectual interest left by the great departed writers. It was a science that seemed to give pleasure to the Sophists, though it never occupied the minds of original thinkers, and belongs to that class of hopelessly second-hand subjects, like the science of war, concerning which conquerors seem to have interested themselves only by way of afterthought. Halleck arose from editing and translating Jomini, but he failed to gather a single laurel leaf when glory was plenty. Grant got up out of a tan-yard and dealt disaster wherever his sword fell. That is the difference between the science and the art of war. The science of war is a very interesting thing in time of peace and is chiefly the privilege of historians.

Alexandria, through its long history from Ptolemy Soter to the days of the Arab conquest, always took scientific views of things. Her record in mathematics, physics, medicine, and astronomy is most creditable. Hers was the day of questionings, not of creations; and beyond scientific achievement her chief distinction was that she took the first great downward steps from more than one summit of human achievement, and retreated shamelessly from the greatest struggles of the human soul. Under her voluptuous, cruel, elegant and witty society, the pure, direct religion of Christ sank into all manner of fantastic exaggeration, and every phase of philosophic trifling, till little was left but that characteristic Alexandrian product, the Theology of the "Fathers." The methods and ideal standards of Greek builders and sculptors and painters, were gradually abandoned for the coquettish and the decorative; but art criticism and prating, and the idle, voluptuous use of art as a narcotic and a stimulant, took the place of high creative impulse.

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So in pure literature. Alexandrian life produced no engendering minds, her one figure is Theocritus, who tuned his voice to soft Doric melody while lying in the sun on the thymy slopes of Sicily, getting all the inspiration of his life from man and nature before he became a courtier at the artificial Egyptian capital. The eager students of Alexandria will have difficulty in their efforts to exhume and exhalt Callimachus. Theocritus, the Tennyson of his period (to put the debt between them in the most delicate way), did create the idyl, and a lovely form it is, as Tennyson has again shown us in those brilliant and passionate strains which fell from his lips before he followed the example of his Sicilian prototype, and unsatisfied with being peerless became peer. The gaping centuries of Alexandrian life show only one moderately great poet, but grammarians positively swarmed. Over the dead body of literary art followers of Aristarchus and Crates held a sort of jackal fight, with the normal amount of din and casualties.

Poor Alexandria! she spun the cobwebs of theology across the one window that Christianity had opened for the soul to look unto Heaven, and invented the "Fathers" in place of the Apostles, while in letters she set the pedant on the vacant pedestal of the poet. She had infinite grammar, but no art. Just so, as a result of the pestilent American classical system, which neglects art and exalts grammar, there are countless young Americans who can attack Greek and Latin poetry with military precision, can form in a hollow syntactical square, and successfully receive the determined and bitter charge of attacking tutors; but where is there one whose lips have a single note of response to the melodies of the past; one young writer who has learned to drape the graceful garment of language around the firm body of an idea?

Certainly we cannot conclude that the classical alumni are born dull and barren, for they are drawn from every grade of American life, and from the whole wide range of the continent. Nor is there any crushing uniformity in the structure and make-up of American colleges. There are institutions where the glories of Hellas are unveiled from an Orthodox Congregational point of view, or where classic art may be surveyed across a Hard-Shell Baptist foreground. You may take your Plato under the stern eye of Calvin, or drain the cup of ancient literature beneath the benediction of an exclusive sequence of apostolic succession.

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Cheap colleges there are where rusticity and shabbiness will pass unnoticed, or among the sons of plutocrats, with their yachts and drags and squanderings, there is another sort of classical atmosphere to be had at, say, a thousand a month. The choice is certainly wide enough. Yet out of them all not a laureled young brow, not a poet's voice, not a solitary, mortal man with the grace and glory of the classics upon him; not even a Yankee Pindar to "pluck from the peg the Doric lyre" and sing his *Ἐπινίκια* in honor of a college foot-ball team, returning covered with mud, gore, and glory from a victory of knockdowns and touchdowns, of dash and dislocation.

It is not likely that any attempt to graft the dry cork of a Lafitte bottle on the native American grape-vine would result in a vintage of noble wine; and if you want to graft Greek art on the bright Yankee mind, do not go on decade after decade trying to make dead chips that grammarians have hacked from the tree of Greek life draw sap and grow. As an experiment, try the living, the deathless things; give, for a change, the grace and vitality of the classics.

It is not so with other curricula. Engineers graduated from American schools justify and reflect honor on their instructors. They have hung their Bessemer cobwebs in the upper air and made millions walk dry shod over tide and river. Railways and mines, structures and surveys, attest the steady, magnificent progress of their professional success. Medicine and surgery are daily pushing out into that vacant, unmapped land beyond the verge of human experience and planting lone outposts, which will serve as the base for new discovery. Lawyers can make the scales of justice turn. The clergy are not dumb. It is only graduates in letters who are smitten to a man with the curse of sterility. Will the universities, which are the authors and finishers of this mock culture, kindly inform us of what *arts* their children are master? "*Ars est celare artem.*" It is alas too evident that the particular and only art of which they are masters is the art of concealing every trace of literary power or classical impulse.

Perhaps the sacredly kept silence of the literary graduates is because of their usual curious lack of acquaintance or facility with that fine old form of speech, the English language. The word and thought being, as Max Muller so brilliantly maintains, if he does not prove, one and inseparable, perhaps these masters of

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esoteric arts have no thoughts which easily attach to a mere living idiom. Feelings they must have, as young men and Americans. High thoughts and classical impulses they ought to have, as finished products of the alleged highest mind-leading. Perhaps they could if they liked speak the fullness of their hearts in Lesbio-Æolic or later Attic, or some other tongue dead enough for college purposes. What we are waiting for is their Attic wisdom or wit, and we shall be only too glad to welcome it in the particular dialect in which they are least dumb.

Not only have we in America the right to complain that college alumni are living monuments of the crass stupidity of the methods of their classical educators, but we have equally the duty of observing that the classical professors themselves, the very men who stand before our national world as representatives of what they claim to be the loftiest life of the ages, are, with a few delightful exceptions, as silent as oysters. What original work have they done in the years they have occupied American chairs? A few grammars, a handful of translations; most of them mere "ponies," one or two brilliantly good, like Goodwin's Plutarch and the series of Socratic studies from which an accomplished scholar veils her name; some learnedly commented texts; and here and there a lean volume of college lectures or fugitive essays of mild value and not oppressive originality. Almost the whole American contribution to classical culture can be packed in a portmanteau. Why is it that our scholars do not, like Droysen and Couat and Mahaffy or Overbeck, or five hundred other Europeans, shake off the enfeebling pedantry of the class-room and do something? Perhaps their most signal success at the present moment is in the department of biblical exegesis, and exactly what proportion of the really distinguished achievements in this field are due to undergraduate study, and how much to instruction in theological seminaries, only exegesists themselves can decide.

Science is but fifty years old in America, and already the fresh, strong, living, new contributions are searched and used and honored by every specialist in Europe. If the most prejudiced reader is inclined to doubt the fairness of this criticism, let him betake himself to the nearest library and examine the indices of the last fifty volumes of English or continental contributions to classical knowledge, and see how many American names or works are cited, and then let him look over any dozen recent books of

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European astronomy, physics, geology, mineralogy, or chemistry, and he will find them alive and bristling with citations, quotations, and discussion of American scientific achievements.

It is not the purpose of this criticism to lay the whole blame of our melancholy failure in literature on the shoulders of academic faculties. Enough justly belongs to them without loading them down with the back-breaking weight of our dull *zeitgeist*.

This is a land of materialism and the age of realism. Even in what there is of literary art, the school of the realists holds absolute sway. In fiction, for example, we are in the detective-camera period, the day of little snap-shots and instantaneous pictures of the petty realities of common social life. Whatever of excellence writers of this modern school possess, comes from the scientific exactness of their observation, and their frank contentment with the actual. Almost to a man, writers of the present American generation work wholly from the practical and realistic point of view. Theirs is a searching, level glance, aimed and fixed upon particulars, which they report and discuss often with extraordinary ability. A thousand years hence all that is well done of this body of realistic literature will be moved from the alcoves of belles lettres, where its form now causes it to be placed, and carried over to the shelves dedicated to scientific sociology. What the realists are practicing is science, not art. As examples of the clever and scientific use of language, however, it must be frankly admitted that they stand eminent. Even on that Boffin's dust-heap, the daily press, where the good and bad of American life are flung side by side among the reeking exhalations of bad morals and shocking taste, lie absolute pearls of literary style, articles which for terseness, cogency, and lucidity cannot be excelled. Criticism would be baffled to point out a blemish in their masterly display of method. It is fine, but it is not classical; it is all nineteenth-century realism, part and parcel of the practical mundane spirit of this age of science and business.

If, instead of practicing their method on human brains, American colleges had all gone down to the Atlantic edge and printed the stamp of their classical idealism on low-tide sands, it could have not been more promptly, more generally, or more eternally effaced.

Many Americans would think it a debatable question whether,

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even in the field of art, the tireless curiosity of man does not gain more from realism, where our end of the pendulum-swing indicates the genius of to-day, than from Greek idealism, which marks the maximum deviation at the other extremity of the arc of human thought. But, consider the heroines of realistic fiction for the past thirty years; all, it is to be assumed, more or less true to the human model. Think of the stunted and petty women and their incredible meanness; of the primeval, monkey-scale of their average intelligence; remember how few wholesome, sweet, strong women are found in that army of distorted, diseased creatures who march between the covers of English fiction, laden down as they go with all the tragi-comic foibles flesh is heir to, and all the conceivable deviations from noble and normal womanhood; and then reflect how French realism has flung woman naked in the ditch and left her there scorned of men, and grinning in cynical and shameless levity over her own dishonor. Or, to come nearer home, recall the pretty, brightish, smug little people who are made with inimitable skill to illustrate the sawdust stuffing of middle-class democratic society.

Out of it all is there one figure for weary eyes to linger upon: one type of large and satisfying womanhood; natural in the rare and ravishing charm of a perfect body; sweet with the endowment of a warm, quick, sympathetic temperament; sound and bright in intellect; pure and spiritual, with a soul in whose pellucid depths fixed stars of the moral heaven reflect themselves, undimmed by mists of earth, untrembling from the jar of modern conflict? Is there any more womanhood in them all, English, French, and American put together and fused into one, than can be learned in a single hour before that Greek Venus in the Louvre, who is only perfect goddess because she is perfect woman? Is there not in this one ideal, with her rich femininity, her Doric strength, the calm warmth of her countenance, the supple pose of her vital body, and that irradiating aura of love which enfolds her with its mysterious veil, more of human nature than one can patch together out of all the thousands of photographic portraits of actual, but distorted and incomplete character, that crowd modern fiction?

Ours is a vulgar, but remarkably active civilization, given over for the most part to the energetic pursuit of personal prosperity and the struggle for material good. Of all ages and all lands this

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is the one where for the mind's and soul's sake a brilliant struggle must be made to stem the almost irresistible current of sodden materialism. After that highest of all ideals and idealizing forces, a pure and spiritual religion, there is nothing comparable to the classics for the exaltation of intellectual and artistic standards which forever transcend that crushed, distorted, warped and blasted thing; that sweet, splendid, grotesque, droll, dreadful, thing—the real.

Taught as they might be, learned as they should be, so that not the mechanism of dialects only, but the splendid ideality of antique thought and feeling may become a part of the young nation, the lofty classics of the Greeks and Romans can be made of inestimable value in the creation of American character. Then the university parchment may cease to add irony to ignorance. Then will come some man whom the world will recognize as ARTIUM MAGISTER.

CLARENCE KING.

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THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

THE President's letter of acceptance (so long delayed that it was in danger of being forgotten) has a tinge of melancholy, a shade of sombre sadness. It illustrates most plainly one of the results of that second candidacy, which Mr. Cleveland in full flush of youthful virtue, when he had not been corrupted by the pomp and pride of power, thought so dangerous to the Republic. It lacks ingenuousness and directness. It shows a willingness to obscure by phrases the very issue he himself has helped to raise.

But, fortunately for the country, Mr. Cleveland's beliefs are so strong and his convictions so deeply rooted that he cannot himself disguise them. It is a misfortune to his own fame that he has made the attempt.

To be so unacquainted with the feeling of his countrymen as to undertake a crusade for free trade when there was no occasion therefor; to be so unskillful as to disrupt the party he belonged to and to which alone he owed the distinguished place he occupies among men, might have been a misfortune, but it need not have been a discredit.

To be a free trader, open and avowed, is to be in reputable company, though misguided, small and select. To be a protectionist is to have the support and company of nearly all the great statesmen and nations of the earth.

To be suspended between the two doctrines, between earth and heaven, is to resemble the corpse in Mahomet's coffin, without either its sanctity or its hope of resurrection.

The American people might have felt it their duty to overturn a brave man misguided, but they would have done it with regret and reluctance. In dealing with a man who reiterates all the doctrines of Free Trade and then loses himself in vague asseverations to the contrary, they will feel neither reluctance nor regret, but a calm and peaceful joy. Already the indications are so

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plain that we may see the coming day. Oregon, on the Pacific coast, with her varied industries all threatened by what the President calls "the extreme moderation" of Mr. Mills' bill, has given her opinion with a candor and an emphasis which has delighted our friends and silenced our enemies. Vermont, the majorities of which seemed already so great that they could not be increased without bereaving the state of a due quota of Democratic federal officials, has given her views of free raw material in figures that cannot be disputed. Maine (for whose election the very letter we are discussing was specially reserved) replied in such fashion that all the explanatory ingenuity of the Democratic press proper, and of the independent press, called so because that is not its name, has wasted itself thereon so vainly that the explanations after the election are as unconvincing as the money spent before.

The President thinks that his purposes and objects have been misrepresented, and evidently fears lest the people should be misled. He need give himself no uneasiness upon these points. He is going to be completely understood, and the purposes of himself and his friends perfectly comprehended. The eyes of sixty million people see all that can be seen in their day and generation, and the wisdom of the many will always be found sufficient for a crisis like this. In order to assist in this understanding and comprehension, we must analyze a little this new declaration of the President's faith. After a suitable and reverential recognition of his own feelings as President, which is a condensation of that spontaneous and multitudinous tribute to the personal pronoun of the first person in all its forms which he orally addressed to the Hon. Patrick Collins, at the White House, when the news of his nomination first reached him, he proceeds to develop the principles, the name of which he takes so much pains afterward to deny. These principles are universally recognized by every one but their distinguished author as the principles on which Great Britain has desired since 1840 to conduct the business of the outside world. They are not positive in their form, but negative. They do not declare on one side but negative the other. They so state "tariff taxation and its effects" as to render protection impossible for any one who honestly believes them. Free trade, so far as it concerns our people, is an opinion, not a phrase. It is a doctrine, not a name. It is a

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method of doing business, not a catch word. If the President were as eager to eschew the doctrine as he is to avoid the name, he might have spared us one whole message and more than three-quarters of his letter of acceptance.

Let any man ask himself: What is the severest accusation which any political economist has brought against Protection? What sums up all the supposed disadvantages of that system? There can be nothing stronger than the declaration that the consumer pays the tariff tax precisely, and that the purchaser of domestic protected goods pays a price for such goods enhanced by nearly or quite the like sum. No free trader can be brought forward who can make any stronger statement of his case, and yet this is exactly the statement which the President makes in his Message, and re-echoes somewhat less pointedly in his letter. That this may not rest on my assertion, let the President's own words speak for him. In the Message he says, speaking of tariff laws:

> "These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty, by precisely the sum paid for such duties."

and later,

> "Those who buy imports pay the duty charged thereon into the public treasury, but the great majority of our citizens, who buy domestic articles of the same class, pay a sum at least approximately equal to this duty to the home manufacturer."

In the letter he spreads it out more thinly, as follows:

> "I suppose it is needless to explain that all these duties and assessments are added to the price of the articles upon which they are levied, and thus become a tax upon all those who buy these articles for use and consumption. I suppose, too, it is well understood that the effect of this tariff taxation is not limited to the consumers of imported articles, but that the duties imposed upon such articles permit a corresponding increase in prices to be laid upon domestic productions of the same kind, which increase, paid by all our people and consumers of home productions, and entering every American home, constitutes a form of taxation as certain and inevitable as though the amount was annually paid into the hand of the tax-gatherer."

Now what do these assertions thus reiterated mean? What is the practical import of them, and what is and must be the effect of them on the business of the country if they be true? It is not needful for me to answer these questions, for Judge Thurman has

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replied to them under the inspiration of the Canadian air wafted over the border at Port Huron with far more vigor than he exhibited farther east. Judge Thurman declares that, under protection, for every dollar that goes into the treasury of the United States five dollars go into the pockets of the bloated manufacturers, and, broadening his calculations, further declares that one thousand millions of dollars every year are garnered in by the same reprehensible persons. If the candidate for the Presidency believes what the candidate for the Vice-Presidency says, and Mr. Cleveland's principles buttress and support Judge Thurman's words, why does Mr. Cleveland claim he has been misrepresented? If protection, for every dollar it puts into the Treasury takes five other unnecessary dollars out of the pockets of the people, and if the whole sum taken uselessly out of all the people is one thousand millions of dollars every year, what excuse has Mr. Cleveland to offer for not being against protection? If he believes in the principles he enunciates how can he justify himself in not "entering upon a crusade of free trade"?

When Mr. Cleveland gets himself into that "quiet calm which follows a complete and solemn self-consecration by the people's chosen President of every faculty and endeavor to the service of a confiding and generous nation of freemen," and finds by Judge Thurman's speech that that "confiding and generous nation of freemen" are yearly robbed of one thousand millions of dollars, and finds that Judge Thurman's speech has the sanction of his own message, will he not rouse himself even from that blissful "calm," and try to rescue this "nation of freemen" thus "generous" and "confiding" from a system so baleful? Surely it cannot be that the President, whose moral tone is so high on Civil Service Reform that even after performance has failed to follow proclamation he still commands the fealty of Mr. George William Curtis, can be refusing to fling to the breeze his true colors because they are unpopular? Alas! it is to be feared that the fine gold has been dimmed of that President who at the outset of his swinging march toward "reform" would not encumber himself with even the hope of a second term lest he should in aught be tempted to make unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

The surplus, it will be seen, still plays a considerable part in the

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letter; by which I mean that it uses up a great many words. Nevertheless you will notice that it is not now occupying the public mind. Last year at this time all the world was stirred by it. If any one complains that the administration has not this year made as skillful a use of it as last year he must bear in mind that the question of manœuvring the surplus is now more difficult. You can have conscientious scruples against buying bonds under a plain law even to the extent of risking a panic during an off year, but it would be worse than dangerous to have them a Presidential year. Hence, under precisely the same law, the administration last year bought bonds only when driven to it, and this year bids the money market be of good cheer at whatever price the bonds may rule. This, of course, is only right. It is also natural. For the Democratic party, now in power, having neglected to pass such a refunding act as would have made all the bonds payable at government option, having failed to repeal the tobacco tax and such other taxes as all would have consented to, having, in a word, staked its whole endeavor on the attack on the tariff, its administration would not care to add the money centres to its list of enemies, already inconveniently large. This is wise action, and would seem to show that a desire for re-election is at least useful in dissipating such Presidential scruples as have proved to be unfounded and disastrous to the country.

Perhaps if there be one thing in this campaign more deceptive than any other, it is the cry for free raw material. Coupled with that other delusion, "the markets of the world," it completes the circuit of Presidential thought. Free raw material is now and always has been the stock argument in any "crusade of free trade." It was the precursor and attendant of Robert J. Walker's period, and has always been in the mouths of all opponents of the existing system. It is a very taking argument so long as it rests in generalities. Surely it must be wise to admit free the substances which human labor fashions into the shapes and forms which contribute to our comfort and to the luxury of contented living. Such a freedom of import can hurt no one, and must greatly stimulate the employment of human beings. The fallacy of all this lies in the double meaning of the term "raw material." When we are indulging the day dream that we shall employ all our workmen and fill up with our surplus products the imaginary markets of the world, which are supposed to

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be awaiting us with an enthusiasm as open-mouthed as the big fish waiting for Jonah, free raw material must mean something or other on which human labor has not yet been bestowed. When we turn ourselves from messages and letters of acceptance and stump oratory generally, and begin to make laws, we find there is no such thing on earth as raw material in that sense—no such thing except the earth itself as substances on which no labor has been bestowed. The "raw material" of one man is the finished product of the other, and while it may not yet be ready for human wear and use, it has yet had the labor bestowed which was as absolutely essential to its final destiny as the finishing polish which makes it comely and attractive to the buyer. On products of America, where will you draw the line? Will you say to the yarn maker, we will sacrifice you and your product; we will discharge your workmen and shut up your shop in order that we may enable the cloth and fabric maker to hire more men and go forth to capture the markets of the world? What would be the gain to the yarn maker, and what to the country? If you tell me that you mean wool and lumber, cheap clothing and cheap homes, my reply is twofold. You and your party have always proclaimed that Protection was an individual benefit to whoever made or raised a protected article. How can you justify, in your search for cheap clothing and cheap homes, the individual benefit you give manufacturers and which you refuse to the lumbermen and the farmers?

What argument can you urge against taxed wools that you cannot urge against taxed woolens? Does not the consumer ultimately use them both? My other reply, as to wool, is that your orators, headed by Mr. Springer—*facile princeps*—are just now soothing the farmers by statistical proof that wool will be dearer, and your Ottawa Consul, Mr. Hotchkiss, in a letter which Mr. Bayard has not hastened to publish, has just proved that Canadian pine lumber will be raised in price until it equals the price now paid for American lumber, and cheap homes for our people vanish into the Canadian treasury. For he makes it very clear that the Canadian pine lumber cuts no figure in fixing the American price, and that the raising of the sum which has to be then paid to the government for the right to cut will be as certain as the needs of the Dominion Treasury; what we take off they are sure to put on, what is pushed out

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of our treasury is pushed into theirs. We lose one million dollars paid by the Canadians and their government gains it, yet the "people's chosen President," in a state of "complete and solemn self-consecration of every faculty and endeavor to the service of a confiding and generous nation of freemen," seven months after one of his own officers shows him this truth, and he knows it, piles up words about the grievous and intolerable burdens of taxation of our nation, "confiding and generous" as aforesaid, and talks about "the extreme moderation" of Mr. Mills' bill, which lifts this particular taxation not from us but from the Canadians.

"Extreme moderation"! If the throwing away of one million dollars, the passing of that large sum from our treasury into the treasury of Canada be "the extreme moderation" of "the first step in the right direction," how long will it be before the statesmanship of revenue reform pays more than our fair share of the expenses of the Dominion government? Sir Charles Tupper can already reckon on items amounting to one million eight hundred thousand dollars, and publicly and complacently claims that sum as one of the trophies of diplomacy. When we add to this the fact that every increase of Canadian lumber imports takes just so much from the opportunities of labor among ourselves and causes a proportionate loss in dollars transferred from our treasury to theirs, no one can doubt that this is carrying the doctrine of free raw materials far beyond the hopes even of believers.

No better test can be given of the delusiveness of this craze than the question asked Mr. Mills in Connecticut to which he made the reply which has become historic. If free raw materials will enable us to conquer the markets of the world, why have we not done it in the article of cotton goods; for we not only have the materials free but on the spot. And yet we supply the markets of the world with less than fifteen million dollars' worth of cotton goods, while England exports more than three hundred million dollars' worth. We can compete only in coarse goods which require the minimum of human labor. So slight is the labor proportion that it is made up by the advantage we have in growing our material here. Some cotton goods exported from my own district enjoy an Eastern market simply because they maintain their excellence while the English haste in "the career of cheap and nasty" has made their goods a by-word among even the heathen.

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No wonder that Mr. Mills after keeping the three balls of "free raw materials," "markets of the world" and "labor cost" deftly in the air for a whole evening lost his temper when he found all three come rattling about his head when the cotton question was asked him. It is a misfortune that there should be any doubt as to his reply. The one originally attributed to him had a wild, southwestern beauty. The rectified one indicated a sad yielding to the softness of Eastern civilization.

Of course the President has the usual discourse upon "trusts." It is the natural complement of the rest of the letter. Doubtless when we get out of the smoke of political battle we shall find out definitely what evils there are in "trusts" and remedy them. Meantime the public mind ought not to be misled by mere outcry, and ought to know where the blame of non-action rests, if it rests anywhere outside the inherent difficulties of the case itself. When the present session of Congress was begun a section or sort of flying squadron of the majority of Ways and Means was made part of the Committee on Manufactures, and was set to work to elaborate this new weapon from which they promise themselves so much in their warfare against the tariff.

Whoever will examine the President's language with care will see how utterly vague and unsatisfying that language is, and be prepared to ask him the question why his friends in the House of Representatives have not acted with promptitude and vigor. They alone possess the power and the jurisdiction of this question, and they alone are laggard. They alone have the initiative and have failed to move. Only the other day did Mr. Cain, of Texas, enumerate the many bills to suppress "trusts" already before the committees controlled by the President's friends, on none of which had action been taken. He even wished to add to the farce of the situation by endowing still another committee with power.

If the party in power in the House had seen fit, they have all along had the right (and have alone had the privilege) of presenting and proposing such legislation as they deemed fitting to carry out their views. But they "care for none of these things." To their minds, as to the President's, only one cure is possible for any of the evils of this world, and that is reduction of the tariff. The surplus might have ceased to be an evil by the payment of our debts, but presidential scruples prevented. Legislation might

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easily have been had on trusts; but the President—and his friends—have had no real use for either surplus or trusts, except as against the tariff.

If this mania continues for exhibiting revenue reform as a panacea for all that goes awry in the Republic, the President will soon be reluctant to use any other remedy against the yellow fever.

There is one expression in the candidate's letter which deserves our hearty sympathy. "While we cannot avoid," he says, "partisan misrepresentation, our position upon the question of revenue reform should be so plainly stated as to admit of no misunderstanding."

That is absolutely desirable, and this article is a contribution to the great work of helping the candidate to avoid "misrepresentation" and to render "misunderstanding" impossible.

Lest, however, anything here said be set down to partisanship or attributed to political opposition, the testimony should be quoted of a devoted admirer of Mr. Cleveland, a devout and sonorous supporter of his ideas. Mr. Henry George cannot be accused of malice or of spite or of any desire to injure the fair fame or future prospects of his leader. Yet, singularly enough, his views of the letter agree with those presented in this article, except that they are more vigorous and epigramatic in expression and more pointed in application:

"**Free Trade Democrats and Democrats unreleased from the superstitions of protection can find in the Letter what suits their relative intellectual development —the argument for the one, *some phrases for the other.*"**

It was always thus; whenever, in the tents of the Philistines, were corn and oil, the Southern Free Trade Democrat always had the nutriment and the Northern Protectionist Democrat the husks and scum.

THOMAS B. REED.

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ROME, OR REASON?

A REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING.

Superstition "has ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

PART I.

CARDINAL MANNING has stated the claims of the Roman Catholic Church with great clearness, and apparently without reserve. The age, position and learning of this man give a certain weight to his words, apart from their worth. He represents the oldest of the Christian churches. The questions involved are among the most important that can engage the human mind. No one having the slightest regard for that superb thing known as intellectual honesty, will avoid the issues tendered, or seek in any way to gain a victory over truth.

Without candor, discussion, in the highest sense, is impossible. All have the same interest, whether they know it or not, in the establishment of facts. All have the same to gain, the same to lose. He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right.

Absolute honesty is to the intellectual perception what light is to the eyes. Prejudice and passion cloud the mind. In each disputant should be blended the advocate and judge.

In this spirit, having in view only the ascertainment of the truth, let us examine the arguments, or rather the statements and conclusions, of Cardinal Manning.

The proposition is that "The Church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own divine legation."

The reasons given as supporting this proposition, are :

That the Catholic Church interpenetrates all the nations

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of the civilized world; that it is extranational and independent in a supernational unity; that it is the same in every place; that it speaks all languages in the civilized world; that it is obedient to one head; that as many as seven hundred bishops have knelt before the pope; that pilgrims from all nations have brought gifts to Rome, and that all these things set forth in the most self-evident way the unity and universality of the Roman Church.

It is also asserted that "men see the Head of the Church year by year speaking to the nations of the world, treating with Empires, Republics and Governments;" that "there is no other man on earth that can so bear himself," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen."

It is also claimed that the Catholic Church has enlightened and purified the world; that it has given us the peace and purity of domestic life; that it has destroyed idolatry and demonology; that it gave us a body of law from a higher source than man; that it has produced the civilization of Christendom; that the popes were the greatest of statesmen and rulers; that celibacy is better than marriage, and that the revolutions and reformations of the last three hundred years have been destructive and calamitous.

We will examine these assertions as well as some others.

No one will dispute that the Catholic Church is the best witness of its own existence. The same is true of every thing that exists—of every church, great and small, of every man, and of every insect.

But it is contended that the marvelous growth or propagation of the Church is evidence of its divine origin. Can it be said that success is supernatural? All success in this world is relative. Majorities are not necessarily right. If anything is known—if anything can be known—we are sure that very large bodies of men have frequently been wrong. We believe in what is called the progress of mankind. Progress, for the most part, consists in finding new truths and getting rid of old errors—that is to say, getting nearer and nearer in harmony with the facts of nature, seeing with greater clearness the conditions of well-being.

There is no nation in which a majority leads the way. In the progress of mankind, the few have been the nearest right. There have been centuries in which the light seemed to emanate only from a handful of men, while the rest of the world was enveloped

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in darkness. Some great man leads the way—he becomes the morning star, the prophet of a coming day. Afterwards, many millions accept his views. But there are still heights above and beyond; there are other pioneers, and the old day, in comparison with the new, becomes a night. So, we cannot say that success demonstrates either divine origin or supernatural aid.

We know, if we know anything, that wisdom has often been trampled beneath the feet of the multitude. We know that the torch of science has been blown out by the breath of the hydra-headed. We know that the whole intellectual heaven has been darkened again and again. The truth or falsity of a proposition cannot be determined by ascertaining the number of those who assert, or of those who deny.

If the marvelous propagation of the Catholic Church proves its divine origin, what shall we say of the marvelous propagation of Mohammedanism?

Nothing can be clearer than that Christianity arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire—that is to say, the ruins of Paganism. And it is equally clear that Mohammedanism arose out of the wreck and ruin of Catholicism.

After Mohammed came upon the stage, "Christianity was forever expelled from its most glorious seats—from Palestine, the scene of its most sacred recollections; from Asia Minor, that of its first churches; from Egypt, whence issued the great doctrine of Trinitarian Orthodoxy, and from Carthage, who imposed her belief on Europe." Before that time "the ecclesiastical chiefs of Rome, of Constantinople, and of Alexandria were engaged in a desperate struggle for supremacy, carrying out their purposes by weapons and in ways revolting to the conscience of man. Bishops were concerned in assassinations, poisonings, adulteries, blindings, riots, treasons, civil war. Patriarchs and primates were excommunicating and anathematizing one another in their rivalries for earthly power—bribing eunuchs with gold and courtesans and royal females with concessions of episcopal love. Among legions of monks who carried terror into the imperial armies and riot into the great cities arose hideous clamors for theological dogmas, but never a voice for intellectual liberty or the outraged rights of man.

"Under these circumstances, amid these atrocities and crimes, Mohammed arose, and raised his own nation from Fetichism, the

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adoration of the meteoric stone, and from the basest idol worship, and irrevocably wrenched from Christianity more than half—and that by far the best half—of her possessions, since it included the Holy Land, the birth-place of the Christian faith, and Africa, which had imparted to it its Latin form; and now, after a lapse of more than a thousand years that continent, and a very large part of Asia, remain permanently attached to the Arabian doctrine."

It may be interesting in this connection to say that the Mohammedan now proves the divine mission of his Apostle by appealing to the marvelous propagation of the faith. If the argument is good in the mouth of a Catholic, is it not good in the mouth of a Moslem? Let us see if it is not better.

According to Cardinal Manning, the Catholic Church triumphed only over the institutions of men—triumphed only over religions that had been established by men,—by wicked and ignorant men. But Mohammed triumphed not only over the religions of men, but over the religion of God. This ignorant driver of camels, this poor, unknown, unlettered boy, unassisted by God, unenlightened by supernatural means, drove the armies of the true cross before him as the winter's storm drives withered leaves. At his name, priests, bishops and cardinals fled with white faces—popes trembled, and the armies of God, fighting for the true faith, were conquered on a thousand fields.

If the success of a church proves its divinity, and after that another church arises and defeats the first, what does that prove?

Let us put this question in a milder form: Suppose the second church lives and flourishes in spite of the first, what does that prove?

As a matter of fact, however, no church rises with everything against it. Something is favorable to it, or it could not exist. If it succeeds and grows, it is absolutely certain that the conditions are favorable. If it spreads rapidly, it simply shows that the conditions are exceedingly favorable, and that the forces in opposition are weak and easily overcome.

Here, in my own country, within a few years, has arisen a new religion. Its foundations were laid in an intelligent community, having had the advantages of what is known as modern civilization. Yet this new faith—founded on the grossest absurd-

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ities, as gross as we find in the Scriptures—in spite of all opposition began to grow, and kept growing. It was subjected to persecution, and the persecution increased its strength. It was driven from State to State by the believers in universal love, until it left what was called civilization, crossed the wide plains, and took up its abode on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. It continued to grow. Its founder, as he declared, had frequent conversations with God, and received directions from that source. Hundreds of miracles were performed—multitudes upon the desert were miraculously fed—the sick were cured—the dead were raised, and the Mormon Church continued to grow, until now, less than half a century after the death of its founder, there are several hundred thousand believers in the new faith.

Do you think that men enough could join this church to prove the truth of its creed?

Joseph Smith said that he found certain golden plates that had been buried for many generations, and upon these plates, in some unknown language, had been engraved this new revelation, and I think he insisted that by the use of miraculous mirrors this language was translated. If there should be Mormon bishops in all the countries of the world, eighteen hundred years from now, do you think a cardinal of that faith could prove the truth of the golden plates simply by the fact that the faith had spread and that seven hundred bishops had knelt before the head of that church?

It seems to me that a "supernatural" religion—that is to say, a religion that is claimed to have been divinely founded and to be authenticated by miracle, is much easier to establish among an ignorant people than any other—and the more ignorant the people, the easier such a religion could be established. The reason for this is plain. All ignorant tribes, all savage men, believe in the miraculous, in the supernatural. The conception of uniformity, of what may be called the eternal consistency of nature, is an idea far above their comprehension. They are forced to think in accordance with their minds, and as a consequence they account for all phenomena by the acts of superior beings—that is to say, by the supernatural. In other words, that religion having most in common with the savage, having most that was satisfactory to his mind, or to his lack of mind, would stand the best chance of success.

It is probably safe to say that at one time, or during one phase

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of the development of man, everything was miraculous. After a time, the mind slowly developing, certain phenomena, always happening under like conditions, were called "natural," and none suspected any special interference. The domain of the miraculous grew less and less—the domain of the natural larger; that is to say, the common became the natural, but the uncommon was still regarded as the miraculous. The rising and setting of the sun ceased to excite the wonder of mankind—there was no miracle about that; but an eclipse of the sun was miraculous. Men did not then know that eclipses are periodical, that they happen with the same certainty that the sun rises. It took many observations through many generations to arrive at this conclusion. Ordinary rains became "natural," floods remained "miraculous."

But it can all be summed up in this: The average man regards the common as natural, the uncommon as supernatural. The educated man—and by that I mean the developed man—is satisfied that all phenomena are natural, and that the supernatural does not and can not exist.

As a rule, an individual is egotistic in the proportion that he lacks intelligence. The same is true of nations and races. The barbarian is egotistic enough to suppose that an Infinite Being is constantly doing something, or failing to do something, on his account. But as man rises in the scale of civilization, as he becomes really great, he comes to the conclusion that nothing in Nature happens on his account—that he is hardly great enough to disturb the motions of the planets.

Let us make an application of this: To me, the success of Mormonism is no evidence of its truth, because it has succeeded only with the superstitious. It has been recruited from communities brutalized by other forms of superstition. To me, the success of Mohammed does not tend to show that he was right—for the reason that he triumphed only over the ignorant, over the superstitious. The same is true of the Catholic Church. Its seeds were planted in darkness. It was accepted by the credulous, by men incapable of reasoning upon such questions. It did not, it has not, it can not triumph over the intellectual world. To count its many millions does not tend to prove the truth of its creed. On the contrary, a creed that delights the credulous gives evidence against itself.

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Questions of fact or philosophy cannot be settled simply by numbers. There was a time when the Copernican system of astronomy had but few supporters—the multitude being on the other side. There was a time when the rotation of the earth was not believed by the majority.

Let us press this idea further. There was a time when Christianity was not in the majority, anywhere. Let us suppose that the first Christian missionary had met a prelate of the Pagan faith, and suppose this prelate had used against the Christian missionary the Cardinal's argument—how could the missionary have answered if the Cardinal's argument is good ?

But, after all, is the success of the Catholic Church a marvel? If this Church is of divine origin, if it has been under the especial care, protection and guidance of an Infinite Being, is not its failure far more wonderful than its success? For eighteen centuries it has persecuted and preached, and the salvation of the world is still remote. This is the result, and it may be asked whether it is worth while to try to convert the world to Catholicism.

Are Catholics better than Protestants? Are they nearer honest, nearer just, more charitable? Are Catholic nations better than Protestant? Do the Catholic nations move in the van of progress? Within their jurisdiction are life, liberty and property safer than anywhere else? Is Spain the first nation of the world ?

Let me ask another question : Are Catholics or Protestants better than Freethinkers ? Has the Catholic Church produced a greater man than Humboldt ? Has the Protestant produced a greater than Darwin ? Was not Emerson, so far as purity of life is concerned, the equal of any true believer ? Was Pius IX., or any other Vicar of Christ, superior to Abraham Lincoln ?

But it is claimed that the Catholic Church is universal, and that its universality demonstrates its divine origin.

According to the bible, the Apostles were ordered to go into all the world and preach the gospel—yet not one of them, nor one of their converts at any time, nor one of the Vicars of God, for fifteen hundred years afterward, knew of the existence of the Western Hemisphere. During all that time, can it be said that the Catholic Church was universal ? At the close of the fifteenth century, there was one-half of the world in which the Catholic faith had never been preached, and in the

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other half not one person in ten had ever heard of it, and of those who had heard of it, not one in ten believed it. Certainly the Catholic Church was not then universal.

Is it universal now? What impression has Catholicism made upon the many millions of China, of Japan, of India, of Africa? Can it truthfully be said that the Catholic Church is now universal? When any church becomes universal, it will be the only church. There cannot be two universal churches, neither can there be one universal church and any other.

The Cardinal next tries to prove that the Catholic Church is divine, "by its eminent sanctity and its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things."

And here let me admit that there are many millions of good Catholics—that is, of good men and women who are Catholics. It is unnecessary to charge universal dishonesty or hypocrisy, for the reason that this would be only a kind of personality. Many thousands of heroes have died in defense of the faith, and millions of Catholics have killed and been killed for the sake of their religion.

And here it may be well enough to say that martyrdom does not even tend to prove the truth of a religion. The man who dies in flames, standing by what he believes to be true, establishes, not the truth of what he believes, but his sincerity.

Without calling in question the intentions of the Catholic Church, we can ascertain whether it has been "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things," and whether it has been "eminent for its sanctity."

In the first place, nothing can be better than goodness. Nothing is more sacred, or can be more sacred, than the well-being of man. All things that tend to increase or preserve the happiness of the human race are good—that is to say, they are sacred. All things that tend to the destruction of man's well-being, that tend to his unhappiness, are bad, no matter by whom they are taught or done.

It is perfectly certain that the Catholic Church has taught, and still teaches, that intellectual liberty is dangerous—that it should not be allowed. It was driven to take this position because it had taken another. It taught, and still teaches, that a certain belief is necessary to salvation. It has always known that investigation and inquiry led, or might lead, to doubt; that doubt leads,

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or may lead, to heresy, and that heresy leads to hell. In other words, the Catholic Church has something more important than this world, more important than the well-being of man here. It regards this life as an opportunity for joining that Church, for accepting that creed, and for the saving of your soul.

If the Catholic Church is right in its premises, it is right in its conclusion. If it is necessary to believe the Catholic creed in order to obtain eternal joy, then, of course, nothing else in this world is, comparatively speaking, of the slightest importance. Consequently, the Catholic Church has been, and still is, the enemy of intellectual freedom, of investigation, of inquiry—in other words, the enemy of progress in secular things.

The result of this was an effort to compel all men to accept the belief necessary to salvation. This effort naturally divided itself into persuasion and persecution.

It will be admitted that the good man is kind, merciful, charitable, forgiving and just. A church must be judged by the same standard. Has the Church been merciful? Has it been "fruitful in the good things" of justice, charity and forgiveness? Can a good man, believing a good doctrine, persecute for opinion's sake? If the Church imprisons a man for the expression of an honest opinion, is it not certain, either that the doctrine of the Church is wrong, or that the Church is bad? Both cannot be good. "Sanctity" without goodness is impossible. Thousands of "saints" have been the most malicious of the human race. If the history of the world proves anything, it proves that the Catholic Church was for many centuries the most merciless institution that ever existed among men. I cannot believe that the instruments of persecution were made and used by the eminently good; neither can I believe that honest people were imprisoned, tortured, and burned at the stake by a Church that was "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things."

And let me say here that I have no Protestant prejudices against Catholicism, and have no Catholic prejudices against Protestantism. I regard all religions either without prejudice or with the same prejudice. They were all, according to my belief, devised by men, and all have for a foundation ignorance of this world and fear of the next. All the Gods have been made by men. They are all equally powerful and equally useless. I like some of them better than I do others,

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for the same reason that I admire some characters in fiction more than I do others. I prefer Miranda to Caliban, but have not the slightest idea that either of them existed. So I prefer Jupiter to Jehovah, although perfectly satisfied that both are myths. I believe myself to be in a frame of mind to justly and fairly consider the claims of different religions, believing as I do that all are wrong, and admitting as I do that there is some good in all.

When one speaks of the "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things" of the Catholic Church, we remember the horrors and atrocities of the Inquisition—the rewards offered by the Roman Church for the capture and murder of honest men. We remember the Dominican Order, the members of which, upheld by the Vicar of Christ, pursued the heretics like sleuth hounds, through many centuries.

The Church, "inexhaustible in fruitfulness in all good things," not only imprisoned and branded and burned the living, but violated the dead. It robbed graves, to the end that it might convict corpses of heresy—to the end that it might take from widows their portions and from orphans their patrimony.

We remember the millions in the darkness of dungeons—the millions who perished by the sword—the vast multitudes destroyed in flames—those who were flayed alive—those who were blinded—those whose tongues were cut out—those into whose ears were poured molten lead—those whose eyes were deprived of their lids—those who were tortured and tormented in every way by which pain could be inflicted and human nature overcome.

And we remember, too, the exultant cry of the Church over the bodies of her victims: "Their bodies were burned here, but their souls are now tortured in hell."

We remember that the Church, by treachery, bribery, perjury, and the commission of every possible crime, got possession and control of Christendom, and we know the use that was made of this power—that it was used to brutalize, degrade, stupefy, and "sanctify" the children of men. We know also that the Vicars of Christ were persecutors for opinion's sake—that they sought to destroy the liberty of thought through fear—that they endeavored to make every brain a Bastile in which the mind should be a convict—that they endeavored to make every tongue a prisoner, watched by a familiar of the Inquisition

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—and that they threatened punishment here, imprisonment here, burnings here, and, in the name of their God, eternal imprisonment and eternal burnings hereafter.

We know, too, that the Catholic Church was, during all the years of its power, the enemy of every science. It preferred magic to medicine, relics to remedies, priests to physicians. It thought more of astrologers than of astronomers. It hated geologists—it persecuted the chemist, and imprisoned the naturalist, and opposed every discovery calculated to improve the condition of mankind.

It is impossible to forget the persecutions of the Cathari, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Hussites, the Huguenots, and of every sect that had the courage to think just a little for itself. Think of a woman—the mother of a family—taken from her children and burned, on account of her view as to the three natures of Jesus Christ. Think of the Catholic Church,—an institution with a Divine Founder, presided over by the agent of God—punishing a woman for giving a cup of cold water to a fellow being who had been anathematized. Think of this Church, "fruitful in all good things," launching its curse at an honest man—not only cursing him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet with a fiendish particularity, but having at the same time the impudence to call on God, and the Holy Ghost, and Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary, to join in the curse; and to curse him not only here, but forever hereafter—calling upon all the saints and upon all the redeemed to join in a hallelujah of curses, so that earth and heaven should reverberate with countless curses launched at a human being simply for having expressed an honest thought.

This Church, so "fruitful in all good things," invented crimes that it might punish. This Church tried men for a "suspicion of heresy"—imprisoned them for the vice of being suspected—stripped them of all they had on earth and allowed them to rot in dungeons, because they were guilty of the crime of having been suspected. This was a part of the Canon Law.

It is too late to talk about the "invincible stability" of the Catholic Church.

It was not invincible in the Seventh, in the Eighth, or in the Ninth centuries. It was not invincible in Germany in Luther's day. It was not invincible in the Low Countries. It was not

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invincible in Scotland, or in England. It was not invincible in France. It is not invincible in Italy. It is not supreme in any intellectual centre of the world. It does not triumph in Paris, or Berlin; it is not dominant in London, in England; neither is it triumphant in the United States. It has not within its fold the philosophers, the statesmen, and the thinkers, who are the leaders of the human race.

It is claimed that Catholicism "interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world," and that "in some it holds the whole nation in its unity."

I suppose the Catholic Church is more powerful in Spain than in any other nation. The history of this nation demonstrates the result of Catholic supremacy, the result of an acknowledgment by a people that a certain religion is too sacred to be examined.

Without attempting in an article of this character to point out the many causes that contributed to the adoption of Catholicism by the Spanish people, it is enough to say that Spain, of all nations, has been and is the most thoroughly Catholic, and the most thoroughly interpenetrated and dominated by the spirit of the Church of Rome.

Spain used the sword of the Church. In the name of religion it endeavored to conquer the Infidel world. It drove from its territory the Moors, not because they were bad, not because they were idle and dishonest, but because they were Infidels. It expelled the Jews, not because they were ignorant or vicious, but because they were unbelievers. It drove out the Moriscoes, and deliberately made outcasts of the intelligent, the industrious, the honest and the useful, because they were not Catholics. It leaped like a wild beast upon the Low Countries, for the destruction of Protestantism. It covered the seas with its fleets, to destroy the intellectual liberty of man. And not only so—it established the Inquisition within its borders. It imprisoned the honest, it burned the noble, and succeeded after many years of devotion to the true faith, in destroying the industry, the intelligence, the usefulness, the genius, the nobility and the wealth of a nation. It became a wreck, a jest of the conquered, and excited the pity of its former victims.

In this period of degradation, the Catholic Church held "the whole nation in its unity."

At last Spain began to deviate from the path of the Church.

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It made a treaty with an Infidel power. In 1782 it became humble enough, and wise enough, to be friends with Turkey. It made treaties with Tripoli and Algiers and the Barbary States. It had become too poor to ransom the prisoners taken by these powers. It began to appreciate the fact that it could neither conquer nor convert the world by the sword.

Spain has progressed in the arts and sciences, in all that tends to enrich and ennoble a nation, in the precise proportion that she has lost faith in the Catholic Church. This may be said of every other nation in Christendom. Torquemada is dead; Castelar is alive. The dungeons of the Inquisition are empty, and a little light has penetrated the clouds and mists—not much, but a little. Spain is not yet clothed and in her right mind. A few years ago the cholera visited Madrid and other cities. Physicians were mobbed. Processions of saints carried the host through the streets for the purpose of staying the plague. The streets were not cleaned; the sewers were filled. Filth and faith, old partners, reigned supreme. The Church, "eminent for its sanctity," stood in the light and cast its shadow on the ignorant and the prostrate. The Church, in its "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things," allowed its children to perish through ignorance, and used the diseases it had produced as an instrumentality to further enslave its votaries and its victims.

No one will deny that many of its priests exhibited heroism of the highest order in visiting the sick and administering what are called the consolations of religion to the dying, and in burying the dead. It is necessary neither to deny nor disparage the self-denial and goodness of these men. But their religion did more than all other causes to produce the very evils that called for the exhibition of self denial and heroism. One scientist in control of Madrid could have prevented the plague. In such cases, cleanliness is far better than "godliness;" science is superior to superstition; drainage much better than divinity; therapeutics more excellent than theology. Goodness is not enough—intelligence is necessary. Faith is not sufficient, creeds are helpless, and prayers fruitless.

It is admitted that the Catholic Church exists in many nations; that it is dominated, at least in a great degree, by the Bishop of Rome—that it is international in that sense, and that in that sense it has what may be called a "supernational unity." The same,

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however, is true of the Masonic fraternity. It exists in many nations, but it is not a national body. It is in the same sense extranational, in the same sense international, and has in the same sense a supernational unity. So the same may be said of other societies. This, however, does not tend to prove that anything supernational is supernatural.

It is also admitted that in faith, worship, ceremonial, discipline and government, the Catholic Church is substantially the same wherever it exists. This establishes the unity, but not the divinity, of the institution.

The church that does not allow investigation, that teaches that all doubts are wicked, attains unity through tyranny, that is, monotony by repression. Wherever man has had something like freedom, differences have appeared, heresies have taken root, and the divisions have become permanent—new sects have been born and the Catholic Church has been weakened. The boast of unity is the confession of tyranny.

It is insisted that the unity of the Church substantiates its claim to divine origin. This is asserted over and over again, in many ways; and yet in the Cardinal's article is found this strange mingling of boast and confession: "Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for fourteen hundred years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again?"

By this it is admitted that the internal and external unity of the Catholic Church has been broken, and that it required more than human power to restore it. Then the boast is made that it will never be broken again. Yet it is asserted that the internal and external unity of the Catholic Church is the great fact that demonstrates its divine origin.

Now if this internal and external unity was broken, and remained broken for years, there was an interval during which the Church had no internal or external unity, and during which the evidence of divine origin failed. The unity was broken in spite of the Divine Founder. This is admitted by the use of the word "again." The unbroken unity of the Church is asserted, and upon this assertion is based the claim of divine origin; it is then admitted that the unity was broken. The argument is then shifted, and the claim is made that it required more than human power to restore the internal and external unity of the Church,

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and that the restoration, not the unity, is proof of the divine origin. Is there any contradiction beyond this?

Let us state the case in another way. Let us suppose that a man has a sword which he claims was made by God, stating that the reason he knows that God made the sword is that it never had been and never could be broken. Now if it was afterwards ascertained that it had been broken, and the owner admitted that it had been, what would be thought of him if he then took the ground that it had been welded, and that the welding was the evidence that it was of divine origin?

A prophecy is then indulged in, to the effect that the internal and external unity of the Church can never be broken again. It is admitted that it was broken—it is asserted that it was divinely restored—and then it is declared that it is never to be broken again. No reason is given for this prophecy; it must be born of the facts already stated. Put in a form to be easily understood, it is this:

We know that the unity of the Church can never be broken, because the Church is of divine origin.

We know that it was broken; but this does not weaken the argument, because it was restored by God, and it has not been broken since.

Therefore, it never can be broken again.

It is stated that the Catholic Church is immutable, and that its immutability establishes its claim to divine origin. Was it immutable when its unity, internal and external, was broken? Was it precisely the same after its unity was broken that it was before? Was it precisely the same after its unity was divinely restored that it was while broken? Was it universal while it was without unity? Which of the fragments was universal—which was immutable?

The fact that the Catholic Church is obedient to the pope, establishes, not the supernatural origin of the Church, but the mental slavery of its members. It establishes the fact that it is a successful organization; that it is cunningly devised; that it destroys the mental independence, and that whoever absolutely submits to its authority loses the jewel of his soul.

The fact that Catholics are to a great extent obedient to the pope, establishes nothing except the thoroughness of the organization.

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How was the Roman empire formed? By what means did that Great Power hold in bondage the then known world? How is it that a despotism is established? How is it that the few enslave the many? How is it that the nobility live on the labor of peasants? The answer is in one word, Organization. The organized few triumph over the unorganized many. The few hold the sword and the purse. The unorganized are overcome in detail —terrorized, brutalized, robbed, conquered.

We must remember that when Christianity was established the world was ignorant, credulous and cruel. The gospel with its idea of forgiveness—with its heaven and hell—was suited to the barbarians among whom it was preached. Let it be understood, once for all, that Christ had but little to do with Christianity. The people became convinced—being ignorant, stupid and credulous—that the Church held the keys of heaven and hell. The foundation for the most terrible mental tyranny that has existed among men was in this way laid. The Catholic Church enslaved to the extent of its power. It resorted to every possible form of fraud; it perverted every good instinct of the human heart; it rewarded every vice; it resorted to every artifice that ingenuity could devise, to reach the highest round of power. It tortured the accused to make them confess; it tortured witnesses to compel the commission of perjury; it tortured children for the purpose of making them convict their parents; it compelled men to establish their own innocence; it imprisoned without limit; it had the malicious patience to wait; it left the accused without trial, and left them in dungeons until released by death. There is no crime that the Catholic Church did not commit,—no cruelty that it did not practice,—no form of treachery that it did not reward, and no virtue that it did not persecute. It was the greatest and most powerful enemy of human rights. It did all that organization, cunning, piety, self-denial, heroism, treachery, zeal and brute force could do to enslave the children of men. It was the enemy of intelligence, the assassin of liberty, and the destroyer of progress. It loaded the noble with chains and the infamous with honors. In one hand it carried the alms dish, in the other a dagger. It argued with the sword, persuaded with poison, and convinced with the fagot.

It is impossible to see how the divine origin of a Church can be established by showing that hundreds of bishops have visited the pope.

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Does the fact that millions of the faithful visit Mecca establish the truth of the Koran? Is it a scene for congratulation when the bishops of thirty nations kneel before a man? Is it not humiliating to know that man is willing to kneel at the feet of man? Could a noble man demand, or joyfully receive, the humiliation of his fellows?

As a rule, arrogance and humility go together. He who in power compels his fellow man to kneel, will himself kneel when weak. The tyrant is a cringer in power; a cringer is a tyrant out of power. Great men stand face to face. They meet on equal terms. The cardinal who kneels in the presence of the pope, wants the bishop to kneel in his presence; and the bishop who kneels demands that the priest shall kneel to him; and the priest who kneels demands that they in lower orders shall kneel; and all, from pope to the lowest—that is to say, from pope to exorcist, from pope to the one in charge of the bones of saints—all demand that the people, the laymen, those upon whom they live, shall kneel to them.

The man of free and noble spirit will not kneel. Courage has no knees. Fear kneels, or falls upon its ashen face.

The Cardinal insists that the pope is the Vicar of Christ, and that all popes have been. What is a Vicar of Jesus Christ? He is a substitute in office. He stands in the place, or occupies the position in relation to the Church, in relation to the world, that Jesus Christ would occupy were he the pope at Rome. In other words, he takes Christ's place; so that, according to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, Jesus Christ himself is present in the person of the pope.

We all know that a good man may employ a bad agent. A good king might leave his realm and put in his place a tyrant and a wretch. The good man, and the good king, cannot certainly know what manner of man the agent is—what kind of person the vicar is—consequently the bad may be chosen. But if the king appointed a bad vicar, knowing him to be bad, knowing that he would oppress the people, knowing that he would imprison and burn the noble and generous, what excuse can be imagined for such a king?

Now if the Church is of divine origin, and if each pope is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, he must have been chosen by Jesus Christ; and when he was chosen, Christ must have known exactly what

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his vicar would do. Can we believe that an infinitely wise and good Being would choose immoral, dishonest, ignorant, malicious, heartless, fiendish, and inhuman vicars?

The Cardinal admits that "the history of Christianity is the history of the Church, and that the history of the Church is the history of the Pontiffs," and he then declares that "the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen are the Popes of Rome."

Let me call attention to a few passages in Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe."

"Constantine was one of the Vicars of Christ. Afterwards, Stephen IV. was chosen. The eyes of Constantine were then put out by Stephen, acting in Christ's place. The tongue of the Bishop Theodorus was amputated by the man who had been substituted for God. This bishop was left in a dungeon to perish of thirst. Pope Leo III. was seized in the street and forced into a church, where the nephews of Pope Adrian attempted to put out his eyes and cut off his tongue. His successor, Stephen V., was driven ignominiously from Rome. His successor, Paschal I., was accused of blinding and murdering two ecclesiastics in the Lateran Palace. John VIII., unable to resist the Mohammedans, was compelled to pay them tribute.

"At this time, the Bishop of Naples was in secret alliance with the Mohammedans, and they divided with this Catholic bishop the plunder they collected from other Catholics. This bishop was excommunicated by the pope; afterwards he gave him absolution because he betrayed the chief Mohammedans, and assassinated others. There was an ecclesiastical conspiracy to murder the pope, and some of the treasures of the Church were seized, and the gate of St. Pancrazia was opened with false keys to admit the Saracens. Formosus, who had been engaged in these transactions, who had been excommunicated as a conspirator for the murder of Pope John, was himself elected pope in 891. Boniface VI. was his successor. He had been deposed from the diaconate and from the priesthood for his immoral and lewd life. Stephen VII. was the next pope, and he had the dead body of Formosus taken from the grave, clothed in papal habiliments, propped up in a chair and tried before a Council. The corpse was found guilty, three fingers were cut off and the body cast into the Tiber. Afterwards Stephen VII., this Vicar of Christ, was thrown into prison and strangled.

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"From 896 to 900, five popes were consecrated. Leo V., in less than two months after he became pope, was cast into prison by Christopher, one of his chaplains. This Christopher usurped his place, and in a little while was expelled from Rome by Sergius III., who became pope in 905. This pope lived in criminal intercourse with the celebrated Theodora, who with her daughters Marozia and Theodora, both prostitutes, exercised an extraordinary control over him. The love of Theodora was also shared by John X. She gave him the Archbishopric of Revenna, and made him pope in 915. The daughter of Theodora overthrew this pope. She surprised him in the Lateran Palace. His brother, Peter, was killed; the pope was thrown into prison, where he was afterward murdered. Afterward, this Marozia, daughter of Theodora, made her own son pope, John XI. Many affirmed that Pope Sergius was his father, but his mother inclined to attribute him to her husband Alberic, whose brother Guido she afterward married. Another of her sons, Alberic, jealous of his brother John, the pope, cast him and their mother into prison. Alberic's son was then elected pope as John XII.

"John was nineteen years old when he became the Vicar of Christ. His reign was characterized by the most shocking immoralities, so that the Emperor Otho I. was compelled by the German clergy to interfere. He was tried. It appeared that John had received bribes for the consecration of bishops; that he had ordained one who was only ten years old; that he was charged with incest, and with so many adulteries that the Lateran Palace had become a brothel. He put out the eyes of one ecclesiastic; he maimed another—both dying in consequence of their injuries. He was given to drunkenness and to gambling. He was deposed at last, and Leo VII. elected in his stead. Subsequently he got the upper hand. He seized his antagonists; he cut off the hand of one, the nose, the finger, and the tongue of others. His life was eventually brought to an end by the vengeance of a man whose wife he had seduced."

And yet, I admit that the most infamous popes, the most heartless and fiendish bishops, friars, and priests were models of mercy, charity, and justice when compared with the orthodox God—with the God they worshiped. These popes, these bishops, these priests could persecute only for a few years—they could burn only for a few moments—but their God threatened to imprison

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and burn forever; and their God is as much worse than they were, as hell is worse than the Inquisition.

"John XIII. was strangled in prison. Boniface VII. imprisoned Benedict VII., and starved him to death. John XIV. was secretly put to death in the dungeons of the castle of St. Angelo. The corpse of Boniface was dragged by the populace through the streets."

It must be remembered that the popes were assassinated by Catholics—murdered by the faithful—that one Vicar of Christ strangled another Vicar of Christ, and that these men were "the greatest rulers and the greatest statesmen of the earth."

"Pope John XVI. was seized, his eyes put out, his nose cut off, his tongue torn from his mouth, and he was sent through the streets mounted on an ass, with his face to the tail. Benedict IX., a boy of less than twelve years of age, was raised to the apostolic throne. One of his successors, Victor III., declared that the life of Benedict was so shameful, so foul, so execrable, that he shuddered to describe it. He ruled like a captain of banditti. The people, unable to bear longer his adulteries, his homicides and his abominations, rose against him, and in despair of maintaining his position, he put up the papacy to auction, and it was bought by a Presbyter named John, who became Gregory VI., in the year of grace 1045. Well may we ask, Were these the Vicegerents of God upon earth—these, who had truly reached that goal beyond which the last effort of human wickedness cannot pass?"

It may be sufficient to say that there is no crime that man can commit that has not been committed by the Vicars of Christ. They have inflicted every possible torture, violated every natural right. Greater monsters the human race has not produced.

Among the "some two hundred and fifty-eight" Vicars of Christ there were probably some good men. This would have happened even if the intention had been to get all bad men, for the reason that man reaches perfection neither in good nor in evil; but if they were selected by Christ himself, if they were selected by a Church with a divine origin and under divine guidance, then there is no way to account for the selection of a bad one. If one hypocrite was duly elected pope—one murderer, one strangler, one starver—this demonstrates that all the popes were selected by men, and by men only, and that the claim of divine guidance is born of zeal and uttered without knowledge.

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But who were the Vicars of Christ? How many have there been? Cardinal Manning himself does not know. He is not sure. He says: "Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII., there have been *some* two hundred and fifty-eight Pontiffs claiming to be recognized by the whole Catholic unity as successors of St. Peter and Vicars of Jesus Christ." Why did he use the word "some"? Why "claiming"? Does he not positively know? Is it possible that the present Vicar of Christ is not certain as to the number of his predecessors? Is he infallible in faith and fallible in fact?

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

[Perhaps no American reader has ever seen an allusion to the subject of child marriage in India without experiencing a pang of pity or of revolt. It is not strange that this should be so. Certainly it has never been spoken of by any Western writer with much delicate effort to portray it, and the reasons for it, as they exist in the mind of Asia. I have thought, therefore, that a Hindoo's description of it, which I have found exceedingly instructive, may not be without interest to the general reader, since so few people out of India understand precisely what the institution is. This description is given in the form of a private letter to an American friend, and the main portions of it are reproduced below. The writer, Mr. Coomar Roy, is a cousin of the late Keshub Chunder Sen.—JOEL BENTON.]

A HOT discussion is being carried on in India at the present time on the subject of child marriage. Is it expedient to abolish infant marriage by legislation, to wit, should Government be asked for a law allowing those so-called marriages of Hindoo infants, solemnized without the intelligent consent of both parties, which have been in no way ratified by them afterwards? This is indeed a very delicate matter to deal with. Is the Hindoo infant marriage any marriage at all? This is a most important question. It is necessary to inquire briefly into the nature of the conjugal relation itself. It is expressly said to be a divine union. Christ said "What God *hath joined* together, let no man put asunder." We find Solomon calling the wife a "gift from the Lord," and in the marriage service appointed by the Church of England some one is required to stand as the donor of the bride, as is the case in every Hindoo marriage. "Marriage," says an eminent doctor (Hindoo) of law, "is viewed as a gift of the bride by her father or other guardian to the bridegroom." The marital union is thus a divine union; it is an act of God and not of man. It is apparent that marriage is not a civil contract, and the consent is not the essence of it. The Roman Catholics regard it as a sacrament; so do the

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Hindoos. If marriage were regarded as a civil contract, then I do not see how we could escape the logical and necessary inference that it must be, like all other contracts, dissoluble by mutual consent. But if you fall back upon your Scripture or upon public policy to maintain the indissoluble character of marriage, then it is safer and more consistent to make the same as the basis of the origin of this relation. It may be here asked, How could two persons enter into a relation of which they could form no idea and the duties of which they could not discharge? I reply, How could two infants enter into the relation of brothers when they did not understand the nature of that relation nor were they able to perform the duties arising from it? How could you call an infant a son, when he did not understand what filial duties meant? But if you could have infant brothers, infant sisters, infant sons, yea, infant Christians, then I do not see how you could pronounce infant husbands and infant wives a nullity. But, as in every natural relation, that is, relations in which men have been placed by God in His providence, intelligence and consent are necessary to a proper discharge of the duties imposed by them, so in the conjugal relation also consent is necessary to a proper discharge of the duties and responsibilities imposed by it, though consent may not necessarily enter in its origin. At least, if consent be a necessary element in every marriage bond, the necessity is not apparent to all men, and the *onus* lies upon those to prove it who assert that there can be no valid marriage without the mutual consent of the parties married. To say that marriage is for the marriageable may be admitted to be true, if by it be meant that those only ought to marry who are capable of discharging the duties of husbands and wives at some period or other of their life; but it is a pure assumption, and requires proof, if by it be intended to convey the idea that the conjugal relation cannot be established between two parties unless they could at once enter upon the duties of that relation. The strongest domestic relations come into existence between parties, involving the performance of most important duties, without the parties for a time being conscious of those relations, and they only begin to realize the duties and feel the responsibilities arising from them as they grow in age, knowledge, and intelligence. Why could not the conjugal relation be established then at an age when the parties affected by it were unable to give their intelligent consent? I see no reason

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why it could not. The marriage is to be looked upon as a sacred bond or union. I would hold marriages, be they of infants or adults, be they in accordance with human laws or contrary thereto, as null and void which can be proved to be sinful or immoral.

Whatever the modern law of divorce may be, it being altogether a modern invention, it finds no countenance in our *Shastras*. I might safely assert that it is opposed to the teaching of your Scripture and to the teaching of the Catholic church.

It is not necessary for me to say whether infant marriage is the best form of marriage, or whether it is better than adult or late marriage. I am free to confess that I find the subject so difficult that I am not prepared to express any opinion on the comparative merits of the two systems. The task I propose to myself is an humbler one, merely to show that the Hindoo marriage is not such an evil as some people are apt to think, and that, having regard to the traditions, the feelings, and the present circumstances of the people amongst whom it exists, it is to be looked upon rather as a blessing than as a crime.

The last census report throws some light on this most important question. It appears from that report that in the whole of India only about ten per cent. of the girls, and little above three per cent. of the boys under nine years of age are in the married state. I mention this fact to show that only in respect of these it can be said there is no intelligent consent on the part of the parties united in matrimony. I base this observation upon the fact that in England the age of intelligent consent for the purpose of marriage is twelve in a girl and fourteen in a boy, and that a marriage solemnized between a girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen is a good and valid marriage. Now if twelve be the age of intelligent consent in England, I should presume that it would be reduced to nine in India, on the principles of the Majority Acts of the two countries, for in England the age of majority is twenty-one, in India it is only eighteen.

In most parts of India, and even in Bengal, with certain classes of Hindoos, the boys and girls, though married in infancy, are never allowed to live together until the girl reaches puberty, or, until what, in Hindoo phraseology, is termed her second marriage takes place.

Infant marriage has prevailed in India at least from the days

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of Manu (well-nigh three thousand years), and the Hindoos as a body have up to this day remained content with the institution. They have not, to any appreciable extent, suffered in physique nor deteriorated in morals. Three thousand years is a pretty long period, but all these years have not revealed to us any great evils as the necessary effects of the institution of infant marriage, beyond, perhaps, a little too rapid increase of population, the regulation of which is the great problem with the socialists of Europe.

A Hindoo family is essentially joint, and our law courts have to make this presumption whenever a case affecting a Hindoo family comes up before them. Now, a Hindoo family being joint in food, estate, and worship,—this being the essential condition of every Hindoo family,—a Hindoo thinks it his duty to live not so much for himself as for his family. His is a life of great self-denial. A member in a Hindoo joint family earns £100 a month, but he thinks it his duty to put his whole income into a common hotch-pot with the earnings of other members, who earn only £2, £3, or £4 monthly; and then, after having paid all the joint expenses of the family from this common fund, the surplus, if any, is handed down to their children or grandchildren in equal shares. This self-denial is amply rewarded in other ways. The Hindoos have no annuity funds, no life assurance societies, no savings banks, no hospitals, no leper asylums, but the principle of mutual help, which reigns supreme in every family, confers upon them in some measure the benefits of these noble institutions, which constitute the glory of modern civilization. Every Hindoo is for his family, which does not mean his children only, but includes his father, brothers, and sisters, his cousins, his nephews, his nieces, his mother, his aunts, his sisters-in-law, etc., etc. He does not think it a hardship to live and labor for them, and to spend all his earnings upon them. He considers this to be his duty and privilege, and he glories in it. Such a man, when he marries, marries not so much for his own comfort or happiness as for that of the whole family. His wife must not only be a help-meet to him, but a helper and agreeable companion to his mother, sisters, etc.—that is, either he or his guardian has to consider all this before entering into a matrimonial relation. Now, I ask, could a girl of eighteen or nineteen, or a young woman of twenty-five, her habits and tastes all formed, quietly enter into such a

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family and prove herself a peaceful and agreeable member? Would she not become, in nine cases out of ten, a source of trouble? I think she would.

As it now is Hindoo households with infant wives whom you could, in that tender age, train up in the way they should go, are not always the very models of domestic peace and happiness; but the moment you introduce woman-wives into them, you make the joint family system an intolerable nuisance.

That which weighed most with the Hindoo legislators who ordained infant or rather early marriage, was probably the desire to guard the youth of both sexes from falling into vice and immorality. This is evident from the way Manu, our great lawgiver, laid down the rule for determining the age of marriage.

Now, if what I have stated above was the real object of the Hindoo law-givers in ordaining early marriage, then, I am bound to say, they have been eminently successful. At an age when youth is most exposed to temptations, every Hindoo young man has his wife, and every Hindoo young woman her husband to preserve them from vice and sin. In this respect the Hindoos compare most favorably with other nations, amongst whom late marriage is the rule, and early marriage the exception. If you, for instance, take into consideration the statistics of the illegitimate births in those countries where late marriages prevail, you cannot but concede the truth of this statement. I, however, refrain from quoting figures here. Thus, if in countries where *powerful moral agencies* are at work the percentage of illegitimacy went up so high, you can well imagine what would have been the state of morality here, where human nature is the same as elsewhere, but where there are not the salutary checks of a Christian land!

Considering in this connection the shocking revelation recently made in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which made the Christian world hang down its head with very shame, could such a state of things have been possible if the victims had been married, and had husbands to protect them from a life of sin and shame? I cannot think it could.

Now, if marriage was ordained by God, as we read in your Book of Common Prayer it was, "for the procreation of children," and "for a remedy against sin," then I think you will admit that the Hindoo system of infant marriages fulfills this twofold object, at least as effectually as any other system of matri-

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mony. But there is a third object which matrimony proposes, which is "mutual society," and our legislators have not been unmindful of it. In this respect the Hindoo and the scriptural ideal most wonderfully and happily agree. "The Vaidik texts," says Dr. G. D. Baurijen, "that are recited on the completion of the seventh step by the bride, clearly show that the Hindoos, even in those early days, had learnt to regard marriage as a true companionship of the purest character, a union of pure hearts for the cultivation of the best feelings of our nature." Nor is conjugal association limited to temporal purposes alone: religious rites are ordained in the *Vedas*, to be performed by the husband in company with the wife. The Hindoo husband is taught to regard his wife as the bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Accordingly he is expressly commanded by Manu to honor her, while she is required to revere him as a god. Now, the question is: Does infant marriage secure this companionship and this relation of subordination? I say it does. Among the Hindoos there is no such thing as instantaneous love. The infant husband and the infant wife *are taught to love* each other; they go through a regular training, just as the little children are taught to love each other. The husband is told how to treat his wife, and the wife is likewise told to revere her husband, to obey him, to look after his meals, and to do him any little personal service which she can. In this way they grow, and with their growth their love and friendship grow, too, having for their basis kind words and kindlier deeds, and not mere fancy. The Hindoos are content with their system of marriage; and, judging from appearances and actions, it seems to me that on the whole they have more peace and harmony in their homes than others who choose their partners when they are of age. In proof of it one should note only the police cases in India, Europe, and America in which the husband or wife is the complainant. In India these cases can be counted on your fingers' ends.

In regard to the position of Hindoo women, it is sad to find how even the honestest and the most well-meaning of the Anglo-Indians who have spent years in India are unable to grasp the position of our women, and apt to join the general outcry of their countrymen against the imaginary wretchedness of womankind in this country. For instance, one of the Anglo-Indian journalists took it for granted that women in India have no status in

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society. He says that India occupies a subordinate position among the nations, "because her 'better half' has practically been a nonentity in the land." Another pro-Hindoo and philanthropic gentleman, holding a high office in India, and, therefore, a more responsible position, expressed the same opinion. In his convocation the vice-chancellor of the Calcutta University observed: "The question which the present generation has to settle is the position of woman. For it is perceived by external nations, and to a large extent realized by yourselves, that the condition of women in modern India has not kept pace with the rapid general progress."

I question if the position of our women is really as deplorable as depicted by the European and a few *denationalized* Hindoos. Are our women really in a state of slavery from which they ought to be emancipated? Is the *Zenana* system really so bad as it is represented by its opponents? On the other hand, are the women of modern civilization a better lot than their sisters in Asiatic countries? Is the freedom accorded to women of the West conducive to the general happiness of society? Are women who frequent balls and theatres, who throng divorce courts, and devour with intense pleasure the literature of those courts a better class of beings than their timid veiled sisters of the East, who would not allow their faces to be seen by a stranger, much less suffer themselves to be jostled by a rushing and elbowing male crowd and their ears assailed by the disclosures of a divorce court?

I shall try to compare briefly the position of the Hindoo woman with that of her western sister, and shall do it as dispassionately as possible, and am quite willing to be corrected if I am shown to be biassed in one way or the other.

The distinctive feature of the woman-kind of the East and that of the woman-kind of the West is that the one is self-secluding or *Zenana*-hiding, and the other is self-obtruding or society-seeking. Let me compare briefly the system in which the first element predominates, and that in which the second predominates.

In the first system the woman is a deity enshrined in the temple of a home; in the second she is more or less regarded as an object of show and flattered as such. In the first system the virtues of conjugal love, parental affection, filial respect, and brotherly and sisterly tenderness grow to a height almost immeasurable. In the second you find yourself almost as if it were in a

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Vanity Fair, in a show house in which you meet with everything tending to satisfy and promote vanity, intellectual, sentimental, and personal. Intellectual vanity, such as fashionable reading and fashionable conversation; sentimental vanity, such as busying with set forms of public charity; and personal vanity, such as finery of dress and changes of fashion.

In the first system the woman is the deity of happiness, the household goddess to whom the gaze of a miscellaneous crowd is contamination. In the second she is the idol of vanity greedy of adulation, to whom the gaze of the miscellaneous multitude is flattering. In the first the woman loves to be at home, and secludes herself, absorbed in her amiable home duties; in the second she would feel uneasy to stay exclusively at home and not to be able to mind the empty superficialities of outer life.

In the self-secluding system, the woman is supremely content with the company of her nearest and dearest relations. In the self-obtruding system, she often feels the necessity of the company of fashionable circles. In the one the woman concentrates her power to ministering to the personal comforts of her husband, children, and other dear relations. In the other she has a tendency to allow herself to be distracted by fancies to minister to the personal comforts of her friends, acquaintances, and pets. In the one the lady learns wisdom, moderation, and self sacrifice, first as a member of the family republic, then as the president of that republic. In the other she learns pedantry by superficial reading and gossiping, for want of work, and becomes an adept in the art of petty jealousies by constantly comparing herself with other women, and her husband with other men.

Where the self-secluding system prevails, men seek the conjugal life, which shows that it brings happiness. Where the self-obtruding system prevails, men often avoid the conjugal life, which shows that it brings misery. In the one system a woman is not allowed to remarry by the opinion of femaledom. In the other a woman is doomed to perpetual singleness by the selfishness of the male members of the society. In the self-secluding system, love follows marriage and waxes by degrees. In the self-obtruding system, love precedes marriage and wanes by degrees after it.

In the one system the child gets its mother's milk and grows with all the virtues of a mother's child. In the other the child

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is made over to the nurse and grows with the vices of a foster son of a hireling. In the one system a lady is to abide by the advice and counsel of her father when she is a daughter, of her husband when she is a wife, of her son when she is a widow and a mother. In the other she is, in any case, to follow the suggestions of strangers. In the one system, women like more to associate themselves with women than with men. In the other, women like more to associate themselves with men than with their own sex.

Thus I have given the salient points in which the two classes of womankind differ. I do not mean to say that the one system or the other is the exclusive property of any one nation. No doubt the *Zenana* system prevails more largely in Asia than in Europe and America.

The self-secluding system is traduced and maligned. The self-obtruding one is exalted and glorified. The Hindoos have never thought it graceful or becoming to villify the manners and customs regarding the female section of another nation. They regard their own females with a sense of sacredness, and they know the wickedness of not recognizing such a sense in other nations.

RAJ COOMAR ROY.

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GENERAL HARRISON'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

THOSE who manage affairs in our present system of ruling the country through national political conventions, first usurp all the constitutional powers intended to be conferred on the electors chosen under State laws, and make of these high offices the most abject slaves to party edicts, and then they formulate and declare in "party platforms" the policies of the government and the laws that should be enacted to execute their will.

It is the alleged representative character of these conventions that gives to their action such undisputed control of the public administration, reaching down through all grades of office and governmental employment and including every place of public trust, both in National and State governments. But for the representative character of these conventions, the people could never be induced to permit their decrees to stand as a substitute for all freedom of thought and action, as they, in fact, do, or to dictate absolutely to the electors the persons they shall choose for President and Vice-President. These omnipotent bodies of party managers always declare their public policies in "platforms," and, as a rule, omit nothing that is believed to be needed to catch votes; and include nothing, however necessary and proper, that may lose votes to the particular party they control.

The bidding for votes in party platforms, either by direct offers of pledges to sustain the interests of powerful classes of men, or of men whose wealth gives them an unjust and injurious influence in elections, is so common that it has almost ceased even to excite comment.

That these tendencies towards the surrender into the control of professional politicians of the powers of the great body of the people in free self-government are dangerous, needs no other proof than our very sad experience, and only the arguments that every man's observation addresses to his sober judgment.

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Those whose footing has been sure enough to stand firm, even for an hour, in this sweeping tide of political movement that rushes towards a fatal gulf, must feel grateful to Mr. Cleveland for his resolute determination to lay before the American people the subject in which, at present, they have the most vital concern, and to plant the success, or failure, of his administration upon the ground that the people should not be compelled to longer suffer from excessive and unjust taxation.

In his effort to relieve the people from these unnecessary burdens, he had no assurance that he would call to his support any powerful and aggressive body of men, united in compact organization even for self protection. He well knew that he would antagonize the most powerful and the best organized bodies of men that have ever grown up in this or any other country, who are united in a common purpose to employ the taxing power of the United States Government to make money for themselves.

He knew that, as a rule, the owners of the industries and properties that have so long been drawing wealth from the taxes imposed upon our whole population, would consent to their own unjust taxation rather than break the phalanx that stood guard, on every side, to protect the gains derived from the general policy that they call "the protection of American industry"—a protection that gives riches to one man at the expense of ten other men.

Mr. Cleveland knew the power of these alliances, often concentred in a common movement by positive agreement and in complete organization, and he did not undervalue their strength. On the other hand, he had no safe reliance for success in relieving the people of the burdens yoked upon their necks by the power and unremitting diligence of this organized aggression, except the sense of justice and love of the right and of fair play by the individual men, unorganized and without a common fund at their command, who would agree that unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation, and would attempt, by their votes, to purge our tax laws of their gross injustice, selfish discriminations, and to keep in the pockets of the people who earned the money by their labor the vast sums that this tax locks up in the treasury.

Candor will not refuse to admit that the convictions are sincere that led a man with so much power to influence political results in his hands, to refuse to court an alliance with this ancient and

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powerful combination that was so eager for his support, and to turn to the unorganized sufferers and ask them to help him to correct the evils they were suffering, and to avoid the financial congestion that the money abstracted from their various employments was threatening to create in the country.

It is not giving to Mr. Cleveland credit for any extraordinary ability, to commend him for having seen these wrongs and dangers. They are seen and known of all men. But, seeing them, he had the honesty and the courage to meet these evils face to face; to confront those who produced them and maintain them with facts, arguments, and appeals to their sense of justice, their love of country, and their humanity towards the toilers, whose labor pays, at last, every dollar of the taxes and every dollar of interest on money, or credit, in this country and the world over.

There can be no doubt of the moral strength and sincere motive of his attitude on this burning question. Mr. Cleveland did not wait for any political national convention to declare for him the principles or line of conduct that he thought it his duty to recommend. He made his declarations and arguments in his message to the Fiftieth Congress. He staked his political life on the justice of the cause he espoused. No man could do more in proof of his sincerity. It is said, thoughtlessly, that he made the platform for his party in favor of lower taxation of the people. This error is an injustice to the Democratic party. Since 1868 that party has never failed to demand a reduction of tariff taxation. If he had written his message as Mr. Arthur did, when he urged that the war taxes should be largely reduced under the inspiration of the Republican platforms during the same period, he would only have stated, in better form, the same facts and the same conclusions that he has so clearly stated and has so powerfully supported with argument.

If the Mills bill is the direct and legitimate fruit of the message of Mr. Cleveland, which is the truth, its paternity could have been quite as easily traced to any of the Republican platforms since 1868, except the last one adopted at Chicago, but for the improbability of finding an eagle's egg in a rook's nest.

The merit of Mr. Cleveland's effort to reduce taxation and to prevent the heaping up of surplus money in the treasury is, that he implored Congress to take action in December, and did not wait for a national convention to meet in June, to intimate a

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pledge that, if he should be chosen for a second term, he would then recommend to Congress, in some way, to make some reduction of the tariff taxes. The difference is in a bold and honest leadership which seeks the post of responsibility and danger at the head of the column, and in following in the rear with the wagon train and the sutlers, until the battle is won by others, and the spoils are to be divided.

General Harrison found Mr. Cleveland and his supporters in the advance and moving directly to the front when he devoted his letter of acceptance, almost exclusively, to an attack upon him in reference to his views on excessive taxation and the heaping up of surplus revenues in the treasury.

Besides this assault upon Mr. Cleveland and the Democracy, there is little else in General Harrison's letter, except some assurances that, while he was in the Senate, he gave votes that approved the declarations in the Republican platform on the subject of contract labor and civil service reform. On these points it was well for Mr. Harrison to be specific, since his silence might have identified him in sympathy with his party when, in 1868, it offered rewards to those who imported contract labor into the United States.

If elected President, he might do as well in gathering good fruit from the matured tree of civil service reform as Mr. Cleveland has done in his efforts to gather fruit, while planting and nurturing the tree. But, if General Harrison's partisanship is as intense while President as it has always been, it will be a painful experience to him to faithfully enforce the civil service laws and regulations.

On the Chinese question he makes a pledge which causes him to recant his votes in the Senate. He deserves credit for thus yielding to the force of conviction so strongly expressed by the people, and to the concurrent opinion of the Chinese Empire, solemnly expressed, that it is impossible to accept the lower classes of Chinese as an agreeable or safe element in any American community, or one to which our industrial classes can be justly reconciled as competitors in their work. Since the date of the Burlingame treaty the Democratic party has constantly set its face against Chinese immigration to the United States. This has been a distinctive policy of that party, supported by Thurman, Bayard, Beck, and others, on grounds of national and social necessity, and has lately resulted in a treaty that has made the nearest

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approach possible to the restoration to the United States of the legislative right, taken away by the Burlingame treaty, to regulate in our own way the coming of additional masses of Asiatic people to our country. General Harrison threw his weight into the scale against our return to the former level of our just powers, and Mr. Cleveland threw his weight into the other scale. We are greatly indebted to him for the preponderance that is about to restore to the United States its sovereign authority over this dangerous subject, and because he has been able, through vigorous diplomacy, amicably conducted, to place this question upon ground that wins the approval of General Harrison, and causes him to pledge himself to abandon his former opinions expressed in his votes in the Senate.

General Harrison makes cautious allusion to our troubles with Canada, and intimates the belief that he could negotiate a treaty with Great Britain that would secure to our people much larger and more satisfactory privileges in Canadian ports, and in the fishing waters, than we have yet enjoyed.

There is nothing in his record, or in that of his party, to warrant so flattering a belief.

Mr. Fish, in 1871, as Secretary of State, and as negotiator, distinctly admitted that Great Britain still adhered to the headland theory of construing the treaty of 1818, as to the bays and harbors within the limits of our renunciation of the right to take fish. He could not settle the question, and, for a makeshift, resorted to the plan of paying Canada for all the fish we should catch inside those limits.

He also gave Canada the right to bring fish into the United States, whether fresh or cured, free of duty.

Mr. Fish and General Grant were both strong men, and where they failed it is almost hopeless to expect that General Harrison would easily succeed.

The Republican party put fresh fish, for immediate consumption, on the free list, both by treaty and act of Congress; and ten years later, in the act of 1883, they deliberately continued this arrangement by act of Congress. Naturally Great Britain ought to desire the restoration of that party to power, so that when this subject again comes up they can have the advantage of the precedent set by that party in giving to Canadians a release from the duties on fresh fish.

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General Harrison would find this Republican concession a serious embarrassment to his diplomatic success. We have yielded that powerful leverage without any compensation, and the Republicans will be harassed to find a good excuse for recalling this free gift to Canada.

His evident disposition to open new negotiations with Great Britain on the fisheries controversy would be very encouraging to our hopes of continued peace with Canada, were it not for the wet blanket in which these budding hopes were enveloped in the recent action of the Republicans in the Senate, where they solidly followed the dictates of a party caucus, and declared, in harmony with the assertion of the Committee of Foreign Relations, that this "is not a fit subject for negotiation," and that the time for negotiation has passed.

Unless there is a total revulsion of feeling and change of attitude on the part of the Republican Senators, General Harrison would be compelled to lean upon the Democrats of the Senate to support any further overtures to Great Britain to treat about the fisheries.

These and other questions that are alluded to by General Harrison are important, and he might have included the payment of fifty million dollars a year to the sinking fund as creating an unnecessary demand for taxation, so as to give a pretext for leeching the people out of many millions more to enrich those who, claiming to be poor and patriotic, really "sit at the receipt of customs." It would have been gratifying if General Harrison had explained the necessity for a tax of fifty million dollars a year to maintain our national credit, while we are paying one hundred and twenty-eight dollars for each hundred dollars of the face value of our bonds, in order to keep money in circulation. But this is a part of his plan for the encouragement and "protection of American industry," to create an unnecessary demand for fifty million dollars of annual taxation in order to increase the value of our bonds to twenty-eight per cent. above par, and to compel us to buy them in at that figure, or else to see the circulation of money obstructed by its being locked up in the treasury and the real industries of the country choked down.

It is on the subject of tariff taxation that General Harrison makes his main assault on Mr. Cleveland and the people who are interested in that phase of constitutional "protection" which

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gives to every man the right to just and equal laws, and the impartial administration of laws that create and distribute the burdens of taxation.

If the constitution justifies tax laws to protect selected industries at the expense of all others, it equally requires that equal protection shall be given alike to the manufacturer and the consumer of his goods. Protection to "American labor" ought to include protection to all descriptions of labor, and even those unfortunates who cannot labor, but must live. The benignity of the laws should never fail to bless the poor and helpless.

General Harrison's horoscope seems to include only those who labor to keep large masses of accumulated capital, and the adventurous energy of speculative credit employed in manufactures. He fails to regard those who furnish their own little capital in their solitary struggles to win bread from the bosom of the earth, the forests, the mines and the fisheries.

It is a sad defect in the reach and sweep of his political vision that it passes over these lower levels of "American labor," and only touches the high promontory points where aggregated and incorporated capital has reared its vast and splendid workshops, and assembled its labor-saving machinery.

While Mr. Cleveland is delving with the unprotected masses to shelter them against injustice and oppression, General Harrison reproaches him with being indifferent to American labor, because he prefers to do what he can for the unprotected classes of such laborers, to help them in their hard trials to earn a living, and then to give to the protected classes all that can be justly given them in compensation for their contributions to the general welfare of the country.

In sheltering the unprotected bread-winners, Mr. Cleveland has not thought it best to repeal the tax on whisky. This deadly luxury has so little of the protective sympathy of General Harrison that he congratulates the Chicago convention on having set its face in the direction of temperance reform. But he seems quite reluctant in declaring his concurrence in that part of the platform which pledges the Republican party to free whisky, rather than to give up any part of the protective duties on any taxed article of import. He insists that such a policy would be better deferred to a future time. In this, as in other matters, General Harrison has availed himself of a liberal margin for oscillation,

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allowed him in the vague committals of the Chicago platform, to evince his higher confidence in his own judgment and experience in the affairs of state, and to shape his course to his own liking. He seems even to dissent from the views of Mr. Blaine as to the harmlessness of "trusts," and to venture opinions in hostility to such conspiracies.

There is an attractive air of sincerity in the boldness with which he takes ground on the tariff question.

The Republican party has a history of public pledges, made in the most solemn form, which commits it, as far as resolves can bind men in the performance of acknowledged duties, to reduce the tariff revenues so that they shall not exceed the aggregate of the sum needed for the support of the government.

Quotations from these pledges are not needed to make them conspicuous or to inform the country of their terms. They have been reiterated in every convention, and insisted upon by every Republican President in messages to Congress since General Grant's second term.

But all this signifies nothing in the view that General Harrison takes of this subject. He has decided, for his party, that during his administration of the Executive Office he will not, if he can prevent it, permit the first step to be taken in the direction of a reduction of excessive taxation, if that step in any wise reduces the profits derived from the protective features of the tariff. It is the step in that direction that he declares to be unwise and fatal to American interests. As there can be no reduction of taxes on any article that competes with a like commodity manufactured abroad, without reducing the profits that are the result of protection, General Harrison boldly takes the position that there should be no reduction of tariff taxation that he can prevent, except upon articles that are not produced in the United States.

He declaims against maxims and demands that facts shall control in our policies; but where facts and maxims unite to destroy a theory of taxation that he so boldly demands for our country, it would be better if he should defer to the experience of the country, which has been so often and so powerfully stated in the Republican national platforms. The fact is that every article not of absolute necessity imported into the country should bear some of the burden of taxation, if we would have every class of people

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bear some part of the necessary expenses of government. This is not a maxim. But it is a maxim, and one worthy of close attention, that the burdens of government should fall lightest upon those who are least able to bear them; and, also, that it must be an urgent necessity of government that will justify a tax on articles that are necessary for the support of human life, viz., food, raiment, fuel, and shelter. In reference to the simplest elements that support human existence, the law of necessity is stronger than any legislative enactment in its appeal to the instinct of self-preservation, and in its obligation upon the consciences of lawmakers.

To tax these elementary fruits of the Divine Creator's benevolence to mankind, so as to increase the cost of them to every human being (as is the case in every such tax), whether they are or are not in competition with like articles imported from other countries, is an extremity of hardship that our lawmakers should never resort to, unless the support of government makes it unavoidably necessary. Our system of taxation, as it is now declared on our statute book and enforced in our custom houses, does tax very severely many of the articles that are indispensable to human existence, such as salt, wood, lumber, coal, sugar and fuel. These articles of necessity are cited to illustrate the point at which General Harrison's vow to maintain the protective system against any step in the direction of its modification strikes the common necessities of the human family, and the crushing weight of the blow that will fall, if he is ever President, upon those least able to bear it. These articles are all produced in the United States, and the tax on them must raise the cost to the consumer above the price that the people of other countries pay for them.

To reduce the tax on them must make them cheaper. But General Harrison says that this boon to human life must be denied, because to grant it would be to take a step in the direction of reducing the profits of the protected industry. He argues, as all theorists do who resort to maxims when facts fail them, that the incidental advantage to other industries arising from the stimulus given to the market for the article increased in price by such a tax, compensates the consumer for his loss in that increase of price. If an argument so entirely theoretical has any place in a wise political economy, that place is not found in the tax on salt, sugar, wool, lumber, coal and wood. Without such articles it would overtax

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the skill and energy of mankind to obtain the means for the barest subsistence, and to protect life against the exposure to the cold of the winter. If the cost of such articles is placed beyond the means of any human being, by a tax imposed by law, that tax is an inhumanity as to that person. A life frozen out of a human body by a tax on coal that deprives a human being of its use, is not atoned for by the protection that is given to the owner of a coal mine by that tax.

The sufferings of infancy, of the sick, of the aged people for the want of the delicate nutrition of sugar; those of the brave, houseless pioneers on the storm-beaten plains of Dakota for the want of lumber and wood; the exposure of the poor in their daily toil for subsistence to the cruelties of the winter winds for the want of comfortable woolen wear, all invite humane legislators to take the step in the direction of lower taxes on the common necessaries of life that General Harrison declares he will never permit us to take if he is elected to the Presidency.

If the speculation upon the wants and fancies of mankind, that is the life of the so-called protective system, is a thing to be promoted and encouraged by tax laws, it does not follow that this speculation can be safely nurtured at the udders from which human life must, of necessity, draw its support and appropriate its most nutritious draughts. There is a line that General Harrison refuses to see, which separates between the stimulus by heavy taxation and consequent increase of price of articles designed for the gratifying of the tastes, fancies and pleasures of mankind, and gives greater profits to the manufacturer, and a like increase of price, by heavy taxation, on the products of an industry that works for the support of human beings in every phase and shape in which God has breathed into them the breath of life.

Whether that life is refined, rich, and luxurious, or whether it is wretched and faint with sickness, and stinted with poverty and exposed in shameless nakedness, every human life is entitled, where no imperious necessity otherwise requires, to actual support by means that are free from taxation.

General Harrison has taken his stand upon ground that is outside the limits of sympathy for the real laborers and real sufferers of the country, when he declares his abhorrence of any step that may be taken to lessen taxation upon articles that are necessary

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to the existence even of human life, comfort, health, and shelter, if such reduction gives up any of the so-called "protection" to any domestic industry.

He stands within the limits of that coterie which claims, to the last cent, all the profits that capital can gather from the existing tax laws, and adheres with unyielding tenacity to a system which employs our tax laws as a means of extorting money from all classes of our people to enrich a selected class. He has declared his purpose to interpose his shield as a covering to the interests of the rich and powerful, by enabling them to continue to enjoy all the profits of the present tariff laws which can be gathered under the name of "protection."

The entrenched camp of the friends of monopoly, trusts and excessive taxation to raise excessive revenues to be squandered by Congress, may, for a time, withstand the pressure of the great body of the people, but there can be no relaxation of effort, because the purpose is to secure justice for those who are wronged and oppressed.

Such objects have never failed of ultimate success in the United States.

When the taxing power is used only for public and governmental purposes, and not as the legislative means of securing exclusive privileges to speculators in human labor, a contented people will gladly pay the expenses of their government on a scale that is commensurate with the dignity of the country and corresponding with its splendid progress.

JOHN T. MORGAN.

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MY PUPILS.

"Does Art or Genius enter chiefly into the composition of a dramatic work?" asked a gentleman of Rome two thousand years ago.

"Well!" replied Mr. Flaccus, whom we familiarly call Horace, "I cannot, for the life of me, see what one can do without the assistance of the other. Each is equally concerned in the result."

This contention occupied the dilettante twenty centuries ago, and it outcomes again in this age, in the dispute between actors, as to whether their mimetic act is a craft, an artistic process, or an effusion, an ecstasy. A tragedian may claim to be infused at will by some such frenzy, and to produce his results by a psychic spasm; but let it be acknowledged that a comedian cannot deliver himself over to any such condition. He must be circumspect, his deliberate copy of nature is obtained by fidelity to its features, or by caricature of them. There can be no divine frenzy about *him!* But let us try to perceive if the tragedian be really so possessed. Can he work himself up into this transcendental state? Is there such a thing as tragic fits? *Hysteria dramatica?* Or is this claim a piece of esthetic affectation? Shakspere seems to object to unbridled rage; he says that a tragedian should "in the torrent, tempest and whirlwind of his passion *acquire* and *beget* a temperance that shall give it smoothness." Thus the actor-poet advises him to learn and cultivate by art to control his effusion! and goes further; he urges him to study appropriate gesture. How can this be done without a careful subordination of the divine fits to some method? Be it remembered he is speaking to a tragedian about tragedy. It is a comforting reflection that tragedians in Shakspere's time were quite as blatant as some that grace our boards! My personal acquaintance with,

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and watchful study of, the greater tragedians of the present century, Rachel, Lemaitre, Ligier, Macready, Forrest, Kean, Salvini, Devrient, induce me to believe they never were, or pretended to be, under the transcendental craze; but maintained their histrionic fury carefully bridled and bitted. Nearly every woman has the nervous faculty of making a hysterical fool of herself. Some men have the same power; for the artistic mind, being incubative, is in a large degree—female. If you waggle your finger before the eyes of a bird placed on his back, he will be comatised! —and so, many artists waggle their fingers before their own eyes, and think their giddiness is inspiration! If one of these actors, in the midst of his torrent and tempest, overheard a laugh or a hiss amongst the audience, his whirlwind would be changed in very short order into another kind of rage! If the great emotional Miss N——, in the midst of the curse in "Leah," heard a whisper from the wing that her petticoat was coming down, the whole direction of her commination would be internally diverted from her lover to her dresser.

But let us proceed a step further. The repetition of words exercises a peculiar effect on the brain, which eventually loses all consciousness of their meaning, and utterance becomes mechanical. If any person will undertake to repeat a speech a great number of times he will find that, after a certain number, the sense of what he is talking about will fade, and subsequently the words will come involuntarily while he is thinking of something else. It has occurred to me, after playing a part for two or three hundred times, to find myself uttering the words, using the expression of face and all the artistic movements, without the slightest consciousness of what I am doing or saying, my mind being elsewhere. Some person would enter the theatre on whom I desired to make a favorable impression by the performance, and I would address myself attentively to my business. The words would leave me. To recover them I was obliged to remove my mind from attempting to remember, fix it on some other subject, and the mechanical memory would be restored. So it is with the tragedian who has appeared a thousand times in *Hamlet;* it is physically impossible for his mind to act otherwise than mechanically after a certain time! What then becomes of his divine frenzy? The clergyman who, following the ritual, is obliged to repeat so frequently the Lord's Prayer, is affected in a like

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manner, and the clerical monotony of his delivery of the service is very different from the tones in which he impresses his sermon.

If these instances be correct, their inference is that acting is not different from other arts. The painter and the sculptor, inspired by genius, produce great works, but they are not so inspired when they are employed in making replicas of such works; they are simply copying themselves, and their effort is mechanical. Will any actor or actress contend that the simple incident of a crying child amongst the audience does not instantly bring down the loftiest flight of passion to a sense of petty annoyance? I have heard a great actress, in the torrent and tempest of her passion, with her breast heaving with simulated emotion, her voice tremulous, and tears streaming from her eyes, proceed thus while performing *Constance* in "King John":

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me.
[*Aside to the prompter:* "Send somebody in front, and have that child put out."]
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts.
[*Sotto voce.* I shall break down if that squeaker is not choked by somebody.]
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form!
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well! [*Tears her hair.*]
Had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit.
["What can the ushers be doing, to allow this." Then she tried to overwhelm the infant by a torrent of passion that seemed to me more like the roar of an infuriated tigress.]
Oh, Lord! my boy! my Arthur! my fair son.
My life! my joy! my food. My all the world!
My widow comfort, and my sorrow's care.

A whirlwind of applause followed her off the stage, where she was accommodated with a chair, seated in which she gave vent to further sentiments not Shaksperean, nor in the maternal vein. During her passional scene I failed to detect any lack of tenderness in her voice. Her face was full of the feeling with which she was supposed to be overwhelmed. The artistic process of simulation was in grand operation, while her mind was possessed with a very different passion. Every actor who has experience in performing with our leading tragedians, can recall scores of

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similar incidents. If I, then, lift the corner of the stage curtain to betray the secrets of our art, it is not out of disrespect of that art; but to expose the fatuity of the pretence that an actor is a kind of poet in action. He is truly only an embodiment, in which the poet is the soul.

Some three or four years ago theatrical London was moved in the direction of a school for acting, and I was invited by the heads of the stage to give my views of this matter. They were, as they always have been, very decided. First: that acting could be taught only on the stage, as swimming can only be taught in the water, and riding on horseback. All chamber tuition is worthless. Elocution and declamation is the last, not the first, lesson a young actor or actress should learn. The stage is a picture frame, in which is exhibited that kind of panorama, where the picture being unrolled is made to move, passing before the spectator with scenic continuity. As these scenes are directed toward the spectator, the art of the persons, being figures in them, is to so present themselves that, although engaged with each other, they may be presented also to the audience, whose sympathies the action is intended to arouse. These conditions are the postulates of our art, which is addressed to the eye as well as to the ear. For if the agony of one who suffers from a great misfortune be expressed by words alone, we fail to believe in it unless the expression of the face and the gestures of passion, and the natural movement of the body under such mental torture, accompany and enforce the diction. I deny that such can be taught and practiced on a hearth rug. I deny that *Antony* can address an imaginary populace, that *Romeo* can make love to an absent *Juliet*, or kill an ideal *Tybalt*. All the adjuncts must be present, the scene must be acted, not declaimed, and all the interlocutors must share in it, all the movements must take place, for the individual student is only a part of a whole.

And so it came to pass that a certain manager in New York, having entertained similar convictions on these subjects, offered the use of his theatre and all its appliances to establish a school upon this scheme. But he carried it further. He undertook to furnish all the expenses attending the enterprise, so the students should obtain instruction free; and still further, he proposed to select fifteen of the most promising and pay them a weekly salary. When this proposal was made public—it was at first received with

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incredulity—the applications for admission numbered daily from seventy to one hundred.

At a preliminary inspection, the greater number were excluded, and restored to the useful occupations they were more fitted to fill. Those who passed inspection were subjected to examination. To each was assigned a short scene for study, and a day appointed to witness their attempts. Again a selection was made and many rejected. About eighty remained, and of these the Madison Square School of Instruction was formed. Out of the singular experience we enjoyed, we discovered that for one male student showing any promise of excellence, we had six female pupils. The gentlemen were, for the most part, awkward, stiff, ungainly and slow; the ladies graceful, quick and refined. Among the lady students we found twenty-two who aspired to be *Juliets* and *Paulines* and *Parthenias*, and one who consented to play old women! When faced with this result, Mr. Palmer could not refrain from quoting *Falstaff's* bill of fare: "Two gallons of sack to one half penny worth of bread!"

When the school was formed, they were called into the auditorium of the theatre, and assembled in the orchestra seats. The following *menu* for the day had been previously issued: the Garden Scene in "Romeo and Juliet"; the fifth act of "The Rivals"; the fourth act of "King John"; the third act of "The School for Scandal"—each part in these scenes or acts was cast to two or three different students. "Romeo and Juliet" was called; two of the students stepped upon the stage and played the scene, while the whole school became spectators, and as corrections were made by the director, and faults explained, the lesson was conveyed equally to the two performers and to the audience. In the midst of this scene, it was stopped; one of the performers was invited to retire amongst the spectators, and a new *Romeo* or *Juliet* was called forward to proceed with the performance. It soon became evident that this second performer had already profited by what had been seen, and took care to avoid similar errors.

The system thus first introduced by the Madison Square School into theatrical affairs has developed two unexpected results. The students are seized with "stage fright," precisely as they would be liable to be affected before a public audience. Then, extreme eagerness to excel each other is excited by the hearty applause

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with which any excellence is recognized; and this acute perception of what is good is a sign of the artistic quality; for surely the fine critic is only a disembodied artist. Stage fright, like seasickness, is overcome at last, and is better to be so before the student appears in public.

Another feature introduced by Mr. Palmer into this scheme, is the production of new plays by American authors, who can find no public appearance elsewhere. To render full justice to these plays the assistance of professional actors will be called on. To the most select students, parts in the performance will be intrusted, and it is gratifying to discover amongst the female students several who will inevitably occupy very distinguished places on the American stage.

DION BOUCICAULT.

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DEFENSELESS CANADA.

WHAT must be the inevitable result of a war between the United States and Great Britain growing out of aggressions of the Dominion of Canada?

Let us premise there cannot and will not be in the near future any war between the United States and Great Britain. "Cousinship" and sentimentality are no elements in this opinion.

The two nations fought twice when they almost in kinship held the relation of motner and daughter, nearly the whole governing class of America being of English blood. Now very few Americans are even in the relation of cousins, much less grandchildren.

Every well-informed person in the United States knows that the governing class in England, in our Civil War did all it could and dared to do to dismember our country as a nation and divide our people into irretrievably hostile communities, whose conflicting interests and passions could be forever played against each other by English diplomacy, in the interest and support of the manufacturing and commercial supremacy of that empire.

Her course, however, was so disingenuous, insincere, cowardly and selfish regarding the Confederacy, holding out as inducements to the continuance of the struggle suggestions of aid and support to that cause and promises of acknowledgment of its independence, so that the Southern people day by day waited for the event to come, all which was never intended to be fulfilled and never did come, so that the Southern portion of our united country feels under no obligation of gratitude because thereof, and has no special attachment to England.

A conflict of arms between Great Britain and the United States in any event can occur only after the most careful weighing of consequences to both nations by each. In these later days results are measured not so much by the military and naval power

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of the combatants as by the money, cost and disastrous effect upon the industries of either of the countries in arms.

Indeed, in all her wars England's power has been money to subsidize soldiers or governments to fight her battles. In the war of the revolution her king openly bought soldiers at so much a head from his relatives, the petty German princes. That traffic cannot now be carried on with Germany, if for no other reason than that France wants Alsace-Lorraine back again.

The British Eastern contingent cannot be utilized in a war with us, because Russia hangs on the border of Afghanistan ready to move when England is engaged in combat with any nation near her size.

Ireland would be still less prolific of soldiers, for the more Irish troops England should bring on to American soil, the more American soldiers we would have. Fraternization in that case would be more efficient than "cousinship." That the English people are brave and make good soldiers when thoroughly disciplined and commanded by well instructed officers of the higher classes no one doubts, even though all may agree with the Duke of Wellington that "her common soldiery is the scum of England."

Hers is not a war-like people. Her peasantry do not take readily to war either by sea or land. Her enlistments for land service are not the most creditable nor produce large results, and although "Britannia rules the waves," yet in any extensive maritime operations since the days of the Spanish Armada, the "press gang" has been her only efficient resort for sailors; while the red-coated marine has been found a necessary instrument on board her ships of war to prevent and suppress insurrections, several times occurring, of her impressed blue jacket tars.

The largest number of British born soldiers ever on any battle field was at Waterloo, when there were 25,369 all told, including the Irishmen. We had a third more than that of Federal soldiers starved to death in a single prison during our late war.

Taking another aspect of the case as to the losses that would be incurred from such a war, without troubling ourselves with statistics, it will be readily seen that we have substantially no commerce, while England does the carrying trade of the world. In case of war privateering on our part would be an industry that would need no protection.

If it should be attempted to destroy property by bombardment,

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or enforce contributions thereby from any of our cities which might be open to the ravages of British fleets, such losses, even in their most exaggerated form, if war was to be carried on that way, could be recompensed by the confiscation of British properties, railroad, landed, bond and other now within our territory. Such reparation would surely be justifiable, for the destruction of the private property of a people whose enemy could not capture and hold it, which mode of warfare is not deemed admissible and has never been practiced by any civilized nation, even as regards public property not warlike, save England, who in the war of 1812 burned the public buildings in our Capital which she was able to seize only by a sudden raid from her ships.

Again, our withholding from Great Britain our supplies of the necessaries of life and of manufacture, especially cotton and leather, would so cripple her industries that she would at once lose her manufacturing supremacy.

We ask from her in this regard substantially nothing.

Even with this cursory view of the condition of the two countries it will be seen that war is substantially impossible, while our position is such that in any question between us the United States Secretary of State, when we have one adequate to the occasion, can address England as her Minister of Foreign Affairs addressed us: "This is what we claim, and the United States expects England will conform to our claims." Such in substance was the language of the British Minister when we were in our weakest condition in the time of our war, and our turn has come now to use the same diplomatic language, with the fullest effect.

In order to discuss the subject which entitles this paper we must suppose that there may be a war between the two countries for the causes suggested.

It is plain that the only matter we could hope to obtain of any permanent advantage to this country by such a war would be the removal of British dominion from the northern part of this continent, so that there might never be cause for any other war between the two nations. We ought and should thereby establish our eastern and western boundaries by ocean and ocean, and so far north that the wandering Esquimau will mistake the flashings of the midnight sun reflected from our glorious flag for the scintillations of an *aurora borealis!* Is not this the fate of Canada? Peacefully we hope, forcefully if we must!

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Such absorption of British territory would give us the means, through land warrants, homesteads and grants, of paying the pensions and bounties for our soldiers who might serve in this war, which, by the liberal justice of our people have become to be the greatest source of expenditure because of carrying on a war.

There are some very fine lands in British America, especially timber lands. In addition, she raises great quantities of cattle, horses, wheat, corn and potatoes.

The Canadian newspapers say that Great Britain is behind Canada. In one sense that is true, but not in the sense of protection and defense. The strength of Great Britain is claimed, and justly, to reside in her naval armament, but from November to May of each year, neither a British gun-boat nor iron-clad frigate could effectively get into Canada, or out again if they were in there. The ice would make her ships for that time as idle as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," hardly as effective as a sand fort for any warlike purpose, because not in the right place.

And there is scarcely a possibility during the seven Canadian winter months of any body of British troops reaching the Capital of Canada.

About 1837, when McLeod cut out the "Caroline" near Niagara in the French rebellion, when Great Britain desired to throw some of her troops into Quebec, she was obliged to ask, and did ask and receive, permission from the United States to move them through the State of Maine.

Again, when she desired to strengthen her armament in Canada at the breaking out of the late rebellion, she asked permission to have her officers and men pass through our territory, which was granted, as Mason and Slidell were given up to her.

British America lies along our whole northern border for nearly six thousand miles, reckoning the crooks and indentations, and that line is largely marked by water, and in the winter when the British troops could not aid Canada, the frost forms bridges over which American troops can pass to any indicated point.

Whenever we are called upon to march an army into Canada, the movement should be made in the early winter. After which time, if we watch our Eastern borders, with any considerable portion of more than a million of veterans, who still can do service in the field, no British troops can disturb that portion of our army

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operating in Western or Central Canada. At that season of the year, too, every corn barn and wheat bin will be full, every smoke house and cattle-pen will be a commissary depot, and the hay stack and straw pile will furnish food and bedding for man and horse. And the supposed rigors of the climate well-fed, well-clothed and well-shod troops will not mind, or the impediment of the snow, more than do our logging men in the forests of Maine on the Canadian borders where they spend whole winters.

It may be said that a winter campaign in Canada is impossible. Indeed, it was so deemed in 1866 by the Fenian leaders who desired to make raids into Canada; whereas, in fact, the winter was the only time at which such an incursion was possible, specially if the invaders had no base of supplies or provision train behind them.

We have now on our own soil railroads which can bring our troops near to the borders of Canada at almost every desirable point.

At the time of the invasion of Canada by Wolff, in 1759, he made preparations for a winter campaign, waiting as long as he dared to get up the St. Lawrence without being impeded by frosts; and he landed above Quebec about the tenth of September with the intention of besieging Quebec, the best fortified city in North America. He evidently reckoned upon supporting his troops largely from the resources I have indicated. He could have had no thought or belief that the rash and too brave Montcalm, almost within an hour as one might say, could quit the shelter and protection of the thick walls of Quebec, and its heavy artillery, and deploy the French troops on the plains of Abrabam and thus trust himself and his country's cause on the result of a man for man fight to repel the dashing charge of the impetuous English General.

So in the war of the Revolution, when the Continental troops invaded Canada by two expeditions, one under Montgomery from New York, striking Montreal, and the other under the lead of Arnold, who marched on Quebec from the head waters of the river Kennebec in Maine, both contemplating and carrying out a winter campaign in Canada.

On the third day of December, these Generals with their troops made a junction near Quebec, but before that month closed the attack was made on the city. The fifth of May following a

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retreat, which became disastrous, was ordered by the Continental Congress in obedience to the opinion of a commission sent to investigate. The severity of the winter in Canada had nothing to do with the failure of our operations ; it simply resulted from the want of power, either in Congress or in the States, to get disciplined troops with quantities of supplies in time to open a spring campaign. The supplies became necessary, because, in the spring, of course, every bin and barn was empty, as facilities for transportation were then hardly known, and, after his kind, the frontier farmer raised his supplies from year to year. And so the Fenians in 1866, not having a wagon load of provisions with them, with their accustomed infelicity of movement, chose the month of May, when nothing was left of the last year's supply, and nothing had been grown in the succeeding year, in the spring of which they made their raid into Canada.

We have said that the Briton was not fond of enlisting in war. He does not improve in that regard when he emigrates. In the time of the Revolution, when Montgomery prepared to attack Quebec—and operations had then been going on against Canada for some months—General Carleton, the chief in command of the British troops, had, on the 22d of November, in his army for the defense of Quebec and Canada, 330 Anglo-Canadian militia. Only these were inside the walls of Quebec, and he had ordered out, within four days, all persons who would not join in the defense of the town several days before. He had also 543 French Canadians in Quebec who did not desert their families under this order.

At a later date, as will be remembered, when England called upon the loyalty of her colonies to assist her by furnishing troops to fight an unjust war against some naked negroes in Africa, Canada answered the call after months' delay by furnishing volunteers of all descriptions to the extent of one regiment of fighting men, and some boatmen, her population then exceeding 4,000,000. As a standard of comparison as to the volunteering capacity of the two peoples for war, we may be permitted to state that Rhode Island, with a population in 1860 of less than 175,000, furnished more than twenty regiments of over a thousand men each, and six batteries of artillery, all volunteers, not drafted men to aid the national government in its struggle.

There is another great source of defenselessness in Canada in a war with the United States. That war should be conducted

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with the most rigorous discipline of our troops, making sure that neither outrage, pillage or disorder of any description should be done to the inhabitants, or any wrong inflicted upon them because of the presence of our armies. Above all, no swarms of "bummers," organized plunderers hanging on the outskirts of the marching troops, and therefore protected by them, such as accompanied Sherman's army in his march to the sea, committing every possible outrage of which that General did and could know nothing upon the defenseless old unprotected men, who stayed at home, and women and children of the South, more horrible than their plunderings and incendiarisms, which did more to embitter the people of that portion of the Southern country against that Federal commander,—than whom there is no other of kinder heart or juster mind of the Generals who commanded our armies,—and against the people of the North who cheered every step of that march, and were therefore believed to have approved what was being done in its progress, of which we then knew nothing,—than any and all other events of the war, leaving an estrangement and bitterness of feeling most terrible, and about which that people are necessarily largely silent, because the details of the outrages were not such as any American would willingly discuss.

Nothing but the fact that these things were the result of an excrescence on the march of that army, when that fact shall become known to and appreciated by the South, will change their current of thought in that direction. Such an excrescence ought not, must not, and will not, ever again attach itself to the march of American troops. The creatures who make it up should be picked up with diligence and energy and hanged on the trees bordering the line of march, if such appear.

Everything taken for the use of the army,—and everything may be taken by the rules of war for such use without payment,—should be paid for at its full value on the spot, so as not to impoverish the inhabitants of Canada or embitter them against the people of the United States, thus making the advent of our armies rather a source of profit than of harm.

I agree that this is not the usual form of carrying on war—especially as when the British army captured Pekin, the Capital of China, the baggage wagons of the retiring troops fluttered with the silk and satin coats, gowns and petticoats plundered from the wardrobes of the Chinese Emperor's male and female staff.

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Our war should be carried on in Canada as a war against British power only, and not against the people of that country, a very large portion of whom are the descendants of a conquered people who bear no love to the British conquerors.

Again, there is a large element of the best informed people of Canada who desire to be annexed to the United States and become a part of us whenever they find occasion, and will not be restrained by love of, or loyalty to the British crown.

Neither knighthoods nor baronetcies are sent over to enoble the heads of the families of these, our friends. They are the commercial and manufacturing and farmer classes of Canada, and they would join us as soon as the yoke is lifted.

This is especially true of the very large and fertile district of Manitoba, the "wheat field of Canada," which is not rightfully any part of the Dominion but is a province of conquered people who strove for years to gain their independence, so that they might annex themselves to the United States on the north as Texas had done at the south, the benefits of which annexation were seen and appreciated by all peoples.

Canada would thus be defenseless because our war would not and should not be against Canada, her people or their rights and liberties, or to obtain the lands of her inhabitants, but should be and would be against British power and dominion only. Our armies should march holding out the olive branch to everything in Canada that is not British, and the result would be that we should soon take and hold the territory, not against Canada, but for Canada as a part of us, to be with us in all that makes our country desirable to its citizens and a blessing to the world.

The United States has never waged war for the purpose of acquiring territory, yet we have acquired more territory to ourselves than all the nations of the world together save Great Britain. The difference between the policy and action of the two countries in this respect is this: All the territory that Great Britain has acquired which she now holds, has been got by the sword. The United States bought and paid for at the value put upon it by the Government possessing it, every foot of territory over which our jurisdiction extends, even the Indian Territory. We bought Louisiana, we bought Florida even after we had conquered it. We bought the provinces of Mexico and paid for them after we had possessed ourselves of them by force of our victorious arms.

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Texas, which, being independent, annexed herself to us with our consent. We bought Alaska, and paid for it at the price put upon it by the strongest warlike government in the world on the land. Canada must come to us sooner or later. Even if we acquire it by war, still we must pay for it by assuming its public debt so far as its government is concerned, and giving autonomy, and the benefits of our institutions to its people so far as their domestic affairs and private rights are concerned, save to observe in no event could it be admissible in case of annexation, either as the result of the peaceful, diplomatic and legislative enactments of the interested parties, or as a result of a war between the two countries, wherein the removal of British dominion from the territory north of us would be an ultimatum—no determination of diplomacy or force could result otherwise, than that the whole territory north of us should become an integral part of the United States, bordering thereon and subject alone to our sovereignty.

If our proposition as to the consent of the British Government to the annexation of Canada to this country would be given, is it possible to believe that England would plunge her empire into a war of unknown complications, of incalculable injuries to her people, and unheard-of expenditures of money—because war in this age cannot be economically carried on—in order to hinder the people of the Dominion of Canada from becoming citizens of the United States at their own option, which we may fully calculate on in a very few years, which are but hours in the life of a nation, or will she choose to arrive at that result by diplomacy, which must come as the terms of the conclusion of a war.

Another evidence of the defenselessness of Canada in a war with the United States will be found in a well-considered answer to this question: How many citizens of Canada would now become citizens of the United States if they could do so without change of domicile or the abandonment of local interests or homes, provided all the rights and privileges of such citizenship would follow its adoption?

We have already more Canadian immigrants in our territory than would equal the population of two States in our Union. These Canadians left country and home, breaking away from all surroundings and family ties to come to us to enjoy the benefits of our institutions without exercising any of the powers of its citizens.

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One policy of the United States differing from that of some other nations in acquiring territory is, that the citizens of the territory acquired become citizens with us, *only* if they choose so to do. We have never compelled any citizens on any territory acquired by us to become one of us unless of his own free will and accord.

If the Dominion of Canada came under the sovereignty of the United States, the rights, liberties and privileges of no citizen of Canada would be taken from him. There would be permitted to him all that he had before of a citizen's rights and privileges, but there would be added to him all the privileges of a citizen of the United States, and if he chose all the powers and rights also.

A war to prevent the annexation of Canada to the United States on the part of Great Britain would be a war founded on sentiment only, and not to preserve her interest, because there would be in this case no interference with the political or private rights of the people of Canada. France may well believe that she ought to go to war with Germany to reclaim Alsace-Lorraine, because the French citizens of that province by force and against their will have been driven to become citizens of Germany. Not so here.

Great Britain would not want to hold Canada by force, because she is to her a valuable possession in sense of a money value. Canada imposes the same tariff for revenue on British goods brought to her Dominion from England as from any other country. She would be the same market for English goods, and we may say better after annexation than she is now. Her public debt is increasing; her budget does not cover her expenses; she does not aid herself by internal taxation, and she must soon raise her tariff higher than that of the United States, as in some articles it is now, so that by annexation she would not be cut off as a consumer of British goods,—as a producer of what England needs, as in case of annexation no export duty could be levied on her wheat, her cattle and her provisions, which England needs.

England pays every year more money for the expenditures of the executives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland and the Dominion proper, to say nothing of the cost of her armed forces by sea and land, than any amount that she could get by taxation or otherwise, which she would lose by annexation.

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Taxation without representation is a claim of political rights which has taken no root in the American soil.

May we not, in view of all these considerations, close this discussion as we began by averring with certainty that we can have no war with England and that Canada must and will come to us in the immediate future.

If these are truths, and who can doubt them, is not the attitude of both houses of Congress and the President toward Canada at the same time unfriendly, unpolitic and unwise? It is true that her government has seized our fishermen, embarrassed their business and inflicted injuries upon our commerce by discriminations against us. Be it so! For what purpose was all this done? In order that a treaty might be negotiated between the *United States* and *England*, by which Canada could avoid payment of duties upon her imports into this country, and so that commercial and fishing rights would be established between the two countries. How did we meet these wrongs on her part? Did we deal with them as a series of acts of the British Government, as they really were? Did this great nation, the United States, address the great nation, the Empire of Great Britain, upon the causes of contention and of aggressions? Not at all. Congress passed an act directing the President, if cruisers sailing under the flag of the British Empire, and guarded by her men-of-war, seized or deprived any American fishing vessel of her rights guaranteed to her by treaties and the laws of nations, to retaliate, by proclamation, that we would do like things to the Canadian fishermen, thus quarreling with Canadian fishermen, but leaving all other British vessels to go unscathed, untouched and unharmed. Why did we not act like men and say to the President, it is your duty to proclaim, in the event of any more of these outrages on the part of vessels bearing the British flag, that if they are not redressed, or if any vessel carrying the American flag, however small, shall be prevented from entering any British port, no British vessel, however large, shall be permitted to enter any American port. If we had made this contention a matter between nations, then if we are right in any considerable part of our discussion of the relation of Canada and Great Britain to us, all these matters will be adjusted at once.

How did the President treat this mandatory act of Congress which he made law? He treated it with cool quiet contempt by

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studied inaction. He undertook, however, to formulate a treaty, which in no way touched the root of the evil or the contention between the two nations. The Senate rejected that treaty. The President instantly asked Congress for power. To do what? To retaliate upon Great Britain for any act done under her flag in contravention to the rights and privileges of the United States? Oh, no! He asked for power to quarrel with the people of Canada; to interfere with the commerce of her merchants, with her canals and the tolls, the traffic on which goes to repair and keep them up. No power is asked to harm Great Britain or her government, but only to vex, annoy, impoverish and embitter the people of Canada. Why should we do this? The inhabitants of Canada are our friends. The governing classes, agents of Great Britain, are against us. If any retaliation is to be done, cut off English commerce from our shores, so that Canada, our neighbors, may be brought into closer relations to us.

Why punish her people? Why treat her mercilessly? Why stop the produce of her farms from transportation? Why is it not good policy as well as good neighborhood to let her do everything that the people of Canada are desirous of having done, so that it be just and right, and do for them that which they desire to have, because they wish to be our friend. Do nothing which Great Britain wishes, because she is and always has been our bloody enemy, hiring savages to scalp our mothers, since the destruction of tea in Boston harbor.

Let us leave England severely alone in a proper manner as we have a right to do, even under our treaty of amity and commerce, which she does not regard. Nurse our relations with Canada and her people. Let her come to us and be with us, as part of us, and all the territory north of the St. Lawrence between it and the north pole will be ours, as it ought to be.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

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LESTER WALLACK.

It is painfully apparent to me that my early friends and old are fast passing away. This thought has been greatly emphasized by the recent announcement of the sudden termination of the eventful life of my distinguished professional brother, John Lester Wallack.

But that I am now surrounded by trunks in course of packing and other distracting evidences of the proposed early departure of Mrs. Florence and myself on our annual tour of the Canadas and the United States, I would feel able to undertake the agreeable task of adding to this tribute of respect to the memory of my lamented friend an analytical opinion of his stage efforts, and endeavor to explain to lay people why he stood so high in the estimation of the profession that he adorned.

John Wallack was always a picturesque character on or off the boards. He was a handsome man—handsome not only in the eyes of romantic maidens, but he had a multitude of admirers among his own sex. He was tall, straight as an Indian, graceful and distinguished in appearance. Piercing black eyes, an abundance of jet black hair, shapely limbs, small extremities, and, withal, a figure that permitted a perfect fitting of tastefully chosen clothes, were among the advantages that he once possessed and which made him almost Hyperion. This, before the ravages of time had gray-hued his curling locks, and pitiless and painful disease had made him its prey.

I knew his father, too. A splendid gentleman, a ripe scholar, an admirable actor. I have his autograph before me. It is attached to a letter dated "Saturday morning, September 15th, 1855." That's just thirty-three years ago. I cannot resist the temptation to produce it in this hurried article for the reference to the now millionaire, Theodore Moss, illustrates the strange an-

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tics of time. Moss and Wallack were almost identical for their protracted friendship and close business relations, and no one, even of the blood, will miss Lester more than he who was for so many years his guide, counselor and friend. Mr. Moore was the treasurer of the first Wallack's theatre, Broadway and Broome street, at which Mrs. Florence made her first appearance as a dramatic artiste.

My Dear Moore:

Do not forget John, $70 per week; Moss, $12.
Pay Mr. Brougham $60 for his comedy for the three nights.

Yours, very truly,

J. W. WALLACK.

John's advancement from the meagre salary mentioned in his father's letter to the frequent receipt of over $1,000 a week, was not sudden, but grew with the growth of his talents, experience, and attractiveness. He eventually became the most prominent figure of the New York stage, but I doubt the declaration of the *New York Times* that "with the exception of Edwin Booth he was the best known American actor of the time." Abroad he was recognized in London as a leading New York manager, and in California his engagements were not successful commensurate with the justified expectations of his manager. It is a weakness of New Yorkers to fancy that the metropolis is the United States. This is not less ridiculous than the recent visit to New York of a Mayor of another city, who came *incognito*. Mr. Wallack's tour ought to have been an ovation, and it is to be regretted that stars of lesser magnitude secured the attention and plaudits of a people that should have worthily recognized the masterly impersonations of one of the most brilliant comedians of the age.

It shall always be a pleasurable memory to me that I was permitted to take a modest part in the late grand performance at the Metropolitan Opera House given for the benefit of Mr. Wallack. Perhaps the last time that I grasped his hand was on the stage of that magnificent theatre, when he thanked me as gratefully as if I had contributed immeasurably to the extraordinary success of the occasion. His pride was aroused by the tumultuous demonstrations of the vast and representative audience that filled the big house from floor to dome; but it was keenly alive to the fear that any one should for a moment fancy that he cared so much for the financial results as he did for the tribute of affectionate regard

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and the admiration of his professional talents that the unrivaled gathering in reality was. In his happy address before the curtain he betrayed this feeling, and he died with the comforting belief that the tremendous box office receipts were considered by the public to be but an indispensable incident of the splendid testimonial.

Lester Wallack came of a family of actors. He had the advantage of early training and the benefit of youthful association and intimacy with stage affairs. It might be said that he was born to the stage, and his ambition was impelled by natural dramatic instincts. His father told me that the ballad, "Lord Bateman was a Noble Lord," introduced as a lullaby and sung so effectively in his own play of "Rosedale," was sung to him when he was being dandled upon his parent's knee. I, too, began my stage career at an early age, for when Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement at the old Pearl Street Theatre, in my native city of Albany, he had borrowed me to carry aloft with his good left arm while, as the triumphant Rolla with Alonzo's child, he crossed the mountain-bridge, holding his broad sword on the charge in the other hand.

I have before me as I write two old play bills. One, in connection with my *début* incident related above, is *apropos*. It is of the Philadelphia Theatre, and dated Monday evening, April 12th, 1819, by which "the public is respectfully informed that Mr. Wallack is engaged for a few nights, and will appear as Pizarro, or, the Death of Rolla." This was Lester's father. Mrs. H. Wallack danced a *pas seul* on the occasion in the comic Spanish ballet, "Love Among the Roses." The other bill is of the same theatre, dated March 31st, 1819, and gives a programme for Mr. H. Wallack's benefit. These performances were given less than a year before Lester's birth, which occurred in Varick street, New York, January 1st, 1820. Mrs. H. Wallack was a fascinating danseuse, but she soon abandoned the terpsichorean art for the dramatic, and afterwards appeared acceptably as the soubrette of popular farces or afterpieces. Henry Wallack was a melodramatic actor. He was Lester's uncle and James Wallack's elder brother. He was at one time manager of the old Chatham Theatre in this city. The elder Wallack became manager of the National Theatre, which was located on the northwest corner of Church and Leonard

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streets. This handsome dramatic temple was built for operatic purposes by subscription, and was first called the Italian Opera House. As a theatre it fell into the hands of Lester's father, and during his administration it was destroyed by fire. It was a capacious house, capable of holding 1,500 people. Uncle Henry was the stage manager under the Wallack *régime*, and James W., Jr., was a member of the company. The last that I heard of Henry's public appearances was when he was playing "first old men" at Ethelbert A. Marshall's Broadway Theatre, Broadway and Anthony street, which was just at the conclusion of the war with Mexico. He was famous as Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute and in eccentric characters. He had two daughters that I remember, Julia, who once played at Niblo's, and the charming Fanny, who was a great favorite at the old Bowery Theatre in support of A. A. Adams, John R. Scott, Edward Eddy and other tragic favorites. She died abroad. In private life she was known as Mrs. Moorehouse. He had two sons, one, George Gordon, the other James W., Jr., who is too well remembered by the present generation of theatre-goers for me to undertake to give even an outline of his career. Many contend that his Matthias, the Jew, in "The Bells," which he played at Booth's Theatre, was equal to the famous impersonation of the character by Henry Irving. He at one time performed at a little theatre in the Bowery, opposite Spring street, which subsequently fell into the hands of Tony Pastor, and was the site of the present People's Theatre. I there witnessed his excellent performance of "The King of the Commons." His other most famous impersonation was Fagin in "Oliver Twist."

Lester's father, James William Wallack, was an Englishman and came to this country about 1818. He was a mere boy, possibly twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. I can't speak by the card, for I am writing merely from memory, with no time to search for data, and the reader must be indulgent under the circumstances. Notwithstanding his youth he came heralded as a consummate actor. His advent was a triumphant endorsement of his London repute. He made his American debut in a Shakesperian character. I fancy that it was Shylock, in which part he had no successful rival. He was incomparable in such parts as the Rover and Benedick. He told me that during his initial engagement in his country he played Macbeth, and his "army"

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comprised two supernumeraries, one wearing an Italian brigand jacket, the other a long, yellow tunic, the only historical relief being a plaid ribbon tied around the waist.

Lester was not his father's only son as many may think. He had three brothers: James, Henry and Charles. James and Charles are dead, but Henry is a British officer with a captain's commission, and is Governor of the Millbank Penitentiary, London. He is also one of the gentlemen-at-arms who attend the Queen at Buckingham Palace on ceremonial days. He is a fine looking, gentlemanly, handsome fellow with the characteristic brilliant black eyes of the Wallack family.

I made a voyage to Europe in company with Lester in 1867, I think it was. It was the first time in many years that he had taken a vacation from his arduous managerial and professional labors, and he was in capital spirits, displaying the joyousness of a boy just freed from school. We visited Liverpool together, spending a Sunday there, and among other points of interest we saw the old Liver Theatre building, now a dry goods store, although the theatre sign is still exposed on the *façade*. He played there at the beginning of his career, "Ah!" he exclaimed, as we stood opposite the once famous theatre, "what hopes, what ambitions, did I form while a member of the company then in that quaint old building." I remember that we went to the St. James Theatre, London, and saw "The School for Scandal," with Henry Irving as Joseph Surface, Miss Herbert as the Lady Teazle, and, I think, Frank Matthews played Sir Peter. Lester expressed himself as delighted with Irving's acting, and even at that early period predicted for him the world-wide fame he has since achieved.

We also together visited St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, the church at which Edwin Forrest was married. "Here," said he, "my maternal grandfather, Jack Johnstone, the Irish comedian, and an intimate of the Prince of Wales, lies buried."

I must disgress a bit here to record the cause of many a jibe and pleasantry the flock of the Lambs' Club, of which Lester was Shepherd, used to indulge in. Bets were made as to the date of his birth, and whenever he was appealed to for a decision he could but smile and say that he was in doubt himself, for it occurred at exactly midnight December 31, 1819; "but," he continued, on one occasion, "my nurse determined the date by making it Janu-

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ary 1, 1820, so you see, my lads, by Irish reckoning it makes me a year younger."

As a man he was genial, just, and generous. As a manager he was thoroughly versed even in the rudimentary elements of dramatic art. He was a great disciplinarian, and exacted proper obedience to his stage directions, yet he was a great favorite and much beloved by the members of his company. Imagine the green-room of the first Wallack's Theatre (for they had green-rooms in those days), with such a brilliant array of artists as Brougham, Lester Wallack, Dyott, Blake Walcot, Laura Keene, Madelaine Henriques, George Jordan, Charley Hale, Norton, Dolly Davenport, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Hoey, Mary Gannon, and Miss Malvina! Think of the flashes of wit, the quick repartee, the bright causes of merriment, the pungent criticisms, the interchange of frequent ideas, and the wholesome humor that pervaded its precincts every night.

As a yachtsman he entertained bounteously, and the advent of the Columbia or of his later steam yacht, the Skylark, was always hailed with joy in any visited harbor on the Atlantic coast. He could tell a story capitally, and invested it with double interest because of his almost inimitable Irish brogue, Scotch and French dialect.

He leaves four children: Arthur, Harold, Charles and Florence (Mrs. Sewell). His afflicted widow, to whom goes forth from my very heart the fullest sympathy, is a sister of the great English artist, Millais, who was recently knighted.

Mr. Wallack's performances showed little versatility. His marked personality always dominated the part undertaken. He couldn't conceal his bright and volatile spirit in the serious part of the stage sentimentalist, while as a comedian his assumptions always smacked of the broad fun of Charles Courtley or "My Awful Dad." Indeed, the sense of farcical comedy always predominated in his most artistic efforts. He could not brook the introduction of the sideboard or mantle-piece actor, who had nought to recommend him but the cut of his trousers, and for whom the Robertsonian school is responsible. The Dick Dashall and Don Cæsar style of his father was his model.

I find that my pen has almost unconsciously been swinging from biography to criticism, between sympathy and the truth of history, swayed by varied emotions.

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I have spoken of the subject of my too brief sketch as I found him, in justice to his memory, to myself as a narrator and to a vast constituency of readers. I have written within the shadow of his pall and the echo of the touching word farewell! Yes, fare thee well, my confrère and my friend! You played well your protean part of man, author, actor and manager! I can record no better eulogium than that when your exit cue was given, you left the stage of life amid the heartfelt regrets of a myriad of admirers, to whom your social and professional career was a bountiful source of pleasure.

W. J. FLORENCE.

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MAXIMS AND MARKETS.

It is not always that "apt alliteration's artful aid" is of any great value in grave political controversies. An alliterative phrase is like the girl of the nursery rhyme, who, "When she was good, was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid." Yet a phrase that captures the public mind and ear is often more than half a battle "Fifty-four-forty, or fight," was once more potent than Senatorial debates in a famous dispute with England.

General Harrison has recently suggested an alliteration which is doing valuable service in the pending conflict of the two great political parties. He describes men with free trade tendencies as men who have studied maxims rather than markets. This is a happy characterization of nearly all political theorists—of the ideologists, as Napoleon termed them.

The men of maxims evolve their theories as the German philosopher evolved his camel—out of their inner consciousness. They abound in noble sentiments, as did Sir Joseph Surface, without condescending to conform their conduct or theories to the facts of life. From their St. Simon's pillar they look down with lofty self-sufficiency on the toilers in the market place. This trait, indeed, is their only common characteristic . whether posing as saints, exploding as anarchists, or "ballooning it" as Mugwumps, they always look down with contempt on the men and parties who, even if their creed seems of the earth earthy, do render the earth habitable and life worth living.

For the problems of politics are not worked out of such stuff as dreams are made of, but by plans founded on the experience of nations and of centuries. If we may define statesmanship, it seems to be experience codified, made tangible and applied to the exigencies of national life. It deals, not with theories, not with nebulous, poetic imaginings and aspirations, but with concrete

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social facts and forces. Its trail is not an acrobat's invisible wire, but a firm rock-hewn path, lighted by the unflickering lamp of history. The form of the dreamer's ideal may be artistic and pleasing to the eye of faith that can see it, while the image of the statesman may be rude, and rough hewn, but the bloodless vision vanishes with the cock crow, while the worker continues from century to century. And it is exactly in proportion as they deal with facts and not theories—as they consult the market instead of the oracle—that national leaders leave their impress on their generation, and that civilization is established and extended from zone to zone—from protoplasm to America.

The men of maxims in America to-day have erected a golden calf, before which they fall down and worship. They are longing, if not for the flesh pots of Egypt, at least for the drygoods of Europe. Their new evangel teaches that the end and aim of statesmanship is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. They even preach this pawnbroker's gospel in the name of Christianity. It is not Christianity, only, however, the absurd and morbid sentiment that proclaims it a duty to send aid and comfort to distant and unfriendly peoples—"tooth brushes and red shirts to the savages in Central Africa"—while it remains indifferent to the welfare of family and home.

The men of the markets, on the contrary, believe that the duties we owe to our own household and people should take precedence of all other moral obligations. Justice, like charity, should begin at home. After we have found work and food and clothing, and fit lodgings for our own people, and not till then, should a nation be expected to take any cognizance of the world outside of its own borders.

These truths are especially pertinent to the free trade issue now forced upon us. The men of maxims say we can buy foreign goods cheaper than we can make them. Possibly we can do so in some cases, judging by the price list; but these lists do not reckon the cost of providing for the millions now profitably employed in established industries, whom the heartless policy of supplanting American by European products would render idle and homeless and hungry. It is by omitting such expenses that the price of foreign goods *seems* cheaper to us. For, all the glittering sophistries of the men of maxims cannot blot out the self-evident fact that for the foreign labor woven and spun into imported

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fabrics an equal amount of American labor must inevitably be displaced, and that in one way or another this displaced labor must be supported by us.

Nothing can more clearly illustrate the truth of General Harrison's remark than the results recently reached by the gentlemen of the majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. Were these gentlemen acquainted with the intricacies and necessities of the industries they were tampering with? No; the entire Ways and Means Committee of the Democratic wing, charged with the fabrication of the Mills Bill, could boast of but one business man, and that man, Congressman Scott, whose whole soul, as the trusted representative of the President, was bent upon passing the Mills Bill in any guise, at any cost. Can we wonder, then, at the headless and heedless propagation of ficticious and fallacious tariff theories by the Democratic members of this Congress? The Mills Bill is a travesty on common sense to an extent that would have turned every man's hand against it had there been any prospect of its becoming law, or had the vote been taken in any other than a presidential year. It was made to foster and protect the "home industry" of manufacturing votes, and the Congressional votes given for it were not given as signs of approval of this wretched measure. They were given to a bill intended to fraudulently resemble a fulfillment of the wrinkled and tramp promises of the Democratic Party. On the eve of election something had to be done; some bill had to be passed. Votes were "corralled," right and left, by unlimited tinkering at the bill until it can hardly have been recognized by its own father.

But, say our Democratic friends, the Mills Bill is not a free trade bill. True, it is not, in the strict sense of the term, but it is a reckless step in that direction, and it is time to call a halt; and, without "waving the bloody shirt," we may well ponder upon the expediency of intrusting the interests of vast Northern industries to men of maxims, who happen, in this case, to be chiefly Southern brigadiers, and who solicit the suffrages of the American people for a crude conglomeration of hazardous and untested experiments.

Said a great English statesman and political economist to me, at the time of the resumption of specie payments: "Why, it is contrary to all laws of political economy."

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"The American people," I replied, "do not care much for the laws of political economy; they have been making their own laws for some time, and only look to results." The results have spoken for themselves.

Does the American laborer ask whether he is being governed by the maxims or theories of Adam Smith? No; he asks what wages he receives and what comforts he enjoys under different systems. He knows that the wages of unskilled laborers and manufacturers have averaged more with us since the great era of protection began than they ever averaged before. He knows that, before that time, they averaged one dollar a day, and that, since that time, they have averaged as high as one dollar and forty cents. The same may be said of the machinists in iron and steel works. They know the hard facts that, against their former one dollar and seventy-five cents, they have received an average as high as two dollars and fifty cents. So, too, the cotton weavers know that, against their former wages of seventy-five cents, they have earned as high an average as one dollar and twenty-five cents. And thus the cases could be multiplied.

We are constantly confronted by the man of maxims with the oft-told tale that clothes will be so much cheaper when we enter upon the golden era of free trade. No better, and no more humorous answer to this assertion can be given than was recently supplied in the House of Representatives by that brilliant speaker, Major McKinley, of Ohio. The incident occurred, as may be remembered, from the assertion of Major McKinley, that a certain class of goods could be produced in this country at a sufficiently low price to produce men's clothing at ten dollars a suit. At this stage of the proceedings appeared Mr. Leopold Morse, the popular Democratic Congressman and clothier of Boston. This gentlemen having questioned the assertion, Major McKinley, as by a magician's wand, promptly produced a suit from the recesses of his desk. Mr. Morse, being still unconvinced, called for the name of the firm that could furnish such suits at such prices in this country. Whereupon, Mr. McKinley produced the receipted bill of Leopold Morse & Co.! Nothing could have been neater or more convincing to the practical voters, although it may have failed to convince the men of maxims.

Workingmen are not blind to the fact that, while wages have been rising under the fostering influence of a protective tariff,

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necessaries have been greatly cheapening. When the man of maxims can persuade the workingman that he does not buy his flour, his corn, his salt beef, his salt pork, his sugar, his butter, his cheese, etc., at a lower price than he did when his daily wages were far lower, then may we expect to see the majority of American workingmen voting in the direction of free trade. To-day, however, millions of toilers still firmly repudiate the man of maxims, and doubt, with Mr. Lincoln, the wisdom of swapping horses while crossing the stream, and of abandoning or reversing the great financial and industrial policies under which they and the nation have prospered so marvelously since the close of the war.

The men of maxims teach that new lands like ours should devote themselves to the cultivation of the raw material for the older lands to manufacture.

This experiment has been tried for more than a century within our own borders. The wisdom of the men of the market has been justified by the result. Virginia and the other Southern States, endowed by nature with every kind of natural riches—a fruitful soil, splendid harbors, navigable rivers, a fructifying climate, and minerals inexhaustible—the South devoted her energies to the cultivation of the raw material. Virginia, once the premier state, is now, and before the war was, far down in the lower ranks of the roll of the Union. Massachusetts, whose chief natural products were ice and granite, devoted her energies to manufactures and diversified her industries. And as the result she and her other New England sisters are now among the most prosperous and wealthiest communities of Christendom. The men of the market may be plodders, but their work is among the highest achievements of the human race. In the grand march of progress, it is always the men of the market who lead the fashion. The men whose shoes never leave the earth are surer guides than the men with winged feet.

Singularly enough—or, perhaps, regarding the texture of their minds, I should rather say naturally enough—the men of theoretical maxims seem to abhor the practical maxims that generations of experience have crystalled into proverbs. Ages of conflict, armed and verbal, have shown the wisdom of the maxim: "Find out what your enemy wants you to do, and then don't do it." Our great enemy in the battle for commercial supremacy now in progress is England. Mr. Gladstone himself

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has said in this REVIEW that America would wrest from England her commercial primacy. When we regain our former supremacy on the seas and win the mastery of the world's market—which, sooner or later, we are sure to do—England will be relegated to the rank of a second or third class power; for our national wealth so far exceeds hers that, equal on the seas and in the market, she could not long continue the contest with us. Providence favors the richest estates as well as the heaviest battalions. Now what does England desire us to do?

England, as an industrial power, is the most selfish and the shrewdest nation of modern times. Regardless of the interests of other nations, she always favors and fosters any policy that is calculated to advance British interests. "Business is business," is a maxim of English origin.

What then does England desire us to do? To establish free trade—to open our markets to the unobstructed and untaxed competition of her manufactures. Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, formerly American Consul at Liverpool, an intelligent observer of wide experience, shows that within one single year one single English club—the Cobden Club—distributed no less than seven hundred thousand of their tracts in the United States, especially in the Western States, thus endeavoring to arouse a new sectional spirit in the Union in the interests of free trade. The same club selects free trade professors in American colleges for marks of distinction, and offers prizes to students for free trade essays. In a special report, issued to members only, as quoted by Mr. Dudley, the manager of the Cobden Club said:

"In the United States the exertions of your committee have had the effect to bring free exchange to the front as one of the great questions of the day. Your committee continues to afford all the assistance in their power to those who are laboring in the free trade cause in foreign countries. In America, in the progress of political events there is great promise. . . . The result of turning public attention in this direction is seen in the fact that revenue reform has become a leading question in the Presidential contest and is on the winning side."

Mr. Dudley on the same occasion quotes the *London Times* as saying: "It is to the new world that the Cobden Club is chiefly looking as the most likely sphere for its vigorous foreign policy. It has done what it can in Europe and is now turning its eyes

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westward and bracing itself for the struggle which is to come. *It cannot rest while the United States are unsubdued.*"

England, our rival always, our friend in business never, desires us to adopt the policy of free trade. The men of maxims here say Aye. The men of the market say No.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

RAW MATERIAL OF RHETORIC.

At New Haven, Conn., Mr. Mills at the close of his speech was asked why it was if free raw material would enable us to supply the markets of the world, we did not already do it with cotton goods? Mr. Mills, not having any other answer ready, is said by the unveracious press to have advanced to the front and replied, "You go home, my friend, and soak yo' head." This, however, Mr. Mills is said to deny, and to asseverate that his real reply was, "You go home and take a cold bath." Either reply could hardly be regarded as within the strict domain of political economy, but supposing that newspapers were not as inaccurate as they are, and supposing also that Mr. Mills had not denied the original version, which version should you say had the greater internal evidence to back it up?

O. E. JACKSON.

II.

THREE GREAT EPIDEMICS.

Now, when the nation gazes with watchful and sympathetic eyes at stricken Florida, and generous hands are giving aid to the sick and suffering, it will not be out of place to turn back the pages of history and consider how, in the past, the sad old world has been ravaged by plagues and epidemics. Death and disease have been rampant always, but at special times special causes have predisposed humanity to some one sickness, which then seems to have raged until it died for want of victims.

From a book not generally known, Hecker's "Epidemics," I have condensed an account of the three great plagues which visited Europe during the middle ages.

THE BLACK DEATH.

One of the most memorable of the epidemics of the middle ages was a great pestilence in the fourteenth century, which devastated Asia, Europe, and Africa. It was an Oriental plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumors of the glands such as break out in no other febrile disease. On account of these boils and from the black spots (indicative of putrid decomposition) which appeared upon the skin, it has been generally called the Black Death.

The symptoms were many, though all were not found in every case. Tumors and abscesses were found on the arms and thighs of those affected, and smaller boils on all parts of the body; black spots broke out on all parts of the skin, either single, united, or confluent. Symptoms of cephalic affection were frequent; many patients became stupified and fell into a deep sleep, losing also their speech from

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palsy of the tongue; others remained sleepless, without rest. The fauces and tongue were black, and as if suffused with blood. No beverage would assuage the burning thirst. Contagion was evident, for attendants caught the disease from their relations and friends. Still deeper sufferings, however, were connected with this pestilence: the organs of respiration were seized with a putrid inflammation, blood was expectorated and the breath diffused a pestiferous odor.

The plague spread with the greater fury, as it communicated from the sick to the healthy, contact with the clothes or other articles which had been used by the infected induced the disease, and even the breath of the sick, who expectorated blood, caused a contagion far and near. As it advanced, not only men but animals fell sick and expired.

In England the plague first broke out in the county of Dorset, whence it advanced through the counties of Devon and Somerset to Bristol, and thence reached Gloucester, Oxford and London. Probable few places escaped, perhaps not any, for the annals of contemporaries report that throughout the land only a tenth part of the inhabitants remained alive.

From England the contagion was carried by a ship to Norway, where the plague broke out in its most frightful form, with vomiting of blood; and through out the whole country spared not one-third. The sailors found no refuge on their ships, and vessels were often seen drifting on shore whose crews had perished to the last man.

It is hard to measure the mortality of the Black Death; some numerical statements are not, indeed wanting, but they are scarcely credible when we consider the civilization or lack of civilization of the Fourteenth Century. Rudeness was general. Witches and heretics were burned alive—wild passions, severity and cruelty everywhere predominated. Human life was but little regarded.

Cairo lost daily, when the plague was raging with its greatest violence, from 10,000 to 15,000. In China more than thirteen millions are said to have died. India was almost wholly depopulated. Tartary and the Tartar kingdom of Kaptschak, Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, were covered with dead bodies. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants, and ships without crews were seen driving about the Mediterranian, spreading the plague where they went ashore. It was reported to Pope Clement, at Avignon, that throughout the East (probably excepting China) 23,840,000 people had fallen victims to the plague. In Venice 100,000 died, and in London at least the same number; while 124,434 Franciscan friars died in Germany.

In Avignon the Pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone, that bodies might be thrown into the river without delay. In Vienna, where for some time twelve hundred inhabitants died daily, the interment of corpses in the church yards and within the churches was prohibited, and the dead were arranged in layers by thousands in large pits outside the city, as had been already done at Cairo, and Paris, and London.

The palace and the cot alike felt the fury of the plague. One king, two queens,* one bishop, and great numbers of other distinguished persons fell victims to it.

The whole period of time during which the Black Plague raged with destructive violence in Europe was (with the exception of Russia, where it did not break out until 1351), from 1347 to 1350, from this latter date to 1383 there were various pestilences, bad enough indeed, but not as violent as the Black Death.

* Alonso XI.; Johanna, Queen of Navarre, daughter of Louis X, and Johanna of Burgundy, wife of King Philip de Valois.

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Ireland was much less heavily visited than England, and the disease seems scarcely to have reached the mountainous regions of that land; and Scotland, too, would perhaps have remained free from it, had not the Scotch availed themselves of the discomfiture of the English, to make an irruption into England which terminated in the destruction of their army by the plague and the sword and the extension of the pestilence through those who escaped over the whole country.

In Sweden two princes died (Haken and Knut, half brothers of King Magnus), and in Westgothland alone 466 priests. The inhabitants of Iceland and Greenland found in the coldness of their inhospitable climes no protection against this enemy, which invaded them. In Denmark and Norway the people were so occupied with their own misery, that the accustomed voyages to Greenland ceased, and at the same time great icebergs formed on the coast of East Greenland, and no mortal from that time, even to the present day, has seen that shore or the former dwellers thereon.

It may be assumed that Europe lost by the Black Death some twenty-five millions of people, or about one-fourth of her inhabitants. That her nations could overcome, as quickly as they did, this terrible loss, without retrograding more than they did, is a most convincing proof of the indestructibility of human society as a whole.

THE DANCING MANIA.

The effects of the Black Death had not yet subsided, and the graves of millions of its victims were scarcely green when a strange delusion arose. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries. It was called in some portions of Europe the Dance of St. John, or of St. Vitus, on account of the strange leaps by which it was characterized and which gave to those affected, while performing their wild dance and screaming and foaming with fury, all the appearance of persons possessed. It did not remain confined to particular localities, but was propagated by a sight of the sufferers over the whole of Europe.

As early as the year 1374 assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle who had come out from Germany, and, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle: They formed circles, hand in hand, and losing all control over their senses continued, regardless of the bystanders, dancing for hours together in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. Then they complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until cloths were bound tightly around their waists, when they recovered and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practive of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings; but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing, they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out, and some of them afterward asserted they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood which obliged them to leap so high. Others during the paroxysm saw the heavens open and the saints and Virgin Mary, according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations. When the disease was completely developed, the attack began with epileptic convulsions. Those affected fell to the ground senseless, panting and laboring for breath. They foamed at the mouth, and, suddenly springing up, began their dance with strange contortions.

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It was but a few months ere this disease had spread from Aix-la-Chapelle, where it appeared in July, over the neighboring Netherlands. In Liège, Utrecht, Tougres and many other towns the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair and their waists girt with cloth bandages, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief from the attack of tympany. This bandage, by the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight. Many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer, for wherever the dancers appeared the people assembled in crowds to gratify their curiosity with the frightful spectacle. Peasants left their ploughs, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties to join in the wild revels. Girls and boys quitted their parents, and servants their masters, to amuse themselves at the dances of those possessed and greedily imbibed the poison of mental aberration.

The priests and the authorities took an interest in the afflicted, who were numbered by thousands. They divided them into separate parties, to each of which they appointed responsible superintendents to protect them, and so sent them on pilgrimages to chapels and shrines, principally to those of St. Vitus, near Zabern and Rotestrué, where priests were in attendance to work upon the misguided minds, and where it is probable that many were, through the influence of devotion, cured of this lamentable affliction.

Yet in most cases music afforded the sufferers relief. At the sound of the flute or zithern they awoke from their lethargy, opened their eyes, and moving slowly at first, according to the measure of the music, were, as the time quickened, gradually hurried on to a most passionate dance. Throughout the summer season, cities and villages resounded with the notes of musical instruments, and patients were everywhere met with who looked upon dancing as their only remedy.

There were, however, more ancient dancing plagues. In the year 1237 upwards of a hundred children were said to have been seized suddenly at Erfurt, and to have proceeded dancing and jumping along the road to Arnstadt. When they arrived at that place they fell exhausted to the ground, and, according to an old chronicle, many of them, after they were taken home to their parents, died, and the rest remained affected to the ends of their lives with a permanent tremor. Another occurrence is related to have taken place at the Mosel bridge at Utrecht in 1278, when two hundred fanatics began to dance, and would not desist when a priest passed by carrying the host to a person who was sick, upon which, as if in punishment, the bridge gave way and they were all drowned. A similar event is also said to have occurred as early as the year 1027. Eighteen peasants are said to have disturbed divine service on Christmas eve, by dancing and brawling in the churchyard, whereupon the priest inflicted a curse upon them that they should dance and scream a whole year without ceasing.

THE SWEATING SICKNESS.

After the fate of England had been decided by the Battle of Bosworth, on the 22d of August, 1485, the joy of the nation was clouded by a strange disease which, following in the rear of Henry's victorious army, spread in a few weeks from the distant mountains of Wales to the metropolis of the Empire. It was a violent inflammatory fever, which, after a short rigor, prostrated the powers as by a blow, and amid painful oppression of the stomach, headache and lethargic stupor, suffused the whole body with a fetid perspiration. All this took place in a few hours, and the crisis was always over within the space of a day and a night. The internal heat which the patient suffered was intolerable, yet every refrigerant was certain death.

At first the new foe was scarcely heeded; citizens and peasants went in joy-

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ful procession to meet the victorious army, for the nation, after its many years of civil war, looked forward to happier days of peace. Very shortly, however, after the king's entry into the capital on the 28th of August, the Sweating Sickness, as the disease was called, began its ravages among the dense population of the city. Two lord mayors and six aldermen died within one week; many who had been in perfect health at night were on the following morning numbered with the dead. The disease for the most part marked for its victims robust and vigorous men, and as many noble families lost their chiefs, extensive commercial houses their principals, and wards their guardians, the festivities were soon changed into mourning and grief. By the end of the year the disease had spread over the whole of England. Many persons of rank, of the ecclesiastic and civil classes, became its victims, and great was the consternation when it broke out in Oxford. Professors and students fled in all directions, but death overtook many of them, and the University was deserted for six weeks. The accounts which have been handed down are very imperfect, but we may infer from the general grief and anxiety which prevailed, that the loss of life was very considerable.

Some twenty years afterward, in the summer of 1506, the Sweating Sickness visited England for a second time. The renewed eruption of the epidemic was not on this occasion connected with any important occurrence, so that contemporaries have not even mentioned the month when it began; and in the autumn it disappeared.

A third time, in 1517, the Sweating Sickness once more broke out, and was so violent and rapid in its course that it carried off those who were attacked in two or three hours, so that the first shivering fit was regarded as the commencement of certain death. Among the poorer classes the deaths were innumerable, and no precautions averted death from the houses of the rich. This time the Sweating Sickness lasted a full six months, and reached its greatest height about six weeks after its first appearance.

A heavier affliction, however, was yet in store. In May, 1528, the Sweating Sickness again broke out in England, and fourteen months later brought a scene of horror upon all the nations of northern Europe scarcely equaled during any other epidemic. It appeared at once with the same intensity it had shown before, was ushered in by no previous indications, and between health and death there lay but a brief term of five or six hours. Once or twice again this fearful epidemic visited localities in Europe, but by the autumn of 1551 it had vanished from the earth, never, it is hoped, to reappear again.

ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.

III.

PRESIDENT'S ENGLISH.

"THE Queen's English" is always distinguished by a certain stately modesty, which at once asserts the dignity of the office, and ignores the temporary occupant of it by assuming the plural or editorial form of statement—WE. Without adopting this peculiar method of self-abnegation of their personality, all of our Presidents, from Washington to Andrew Johnson, with the exception of Andrew Jackson, have been singularly modest in referring to themselves as individuals in their public utterances. Even Andrew Jackson, who was as vain as he was energetic, was modest when his public speech referred to his official action. Our present President, among his other pseudo reforms, can justly boast of himself and Andrew Johnson, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Cleveland has completed the work that Johnson began. He revels in a wealth of personal pronouns. "I," "my," "me" and "myself" pop up like Jack-in-the-boxes in almost every sentence he utters. His acceptance speech should be printed like a dissected map,

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with only the words me, I. my and myself omitted. It would serve as well as amuse, as a literary puzzle for the pupils of our primary schools.

Here it is—thus printed with the omission of these four words only:

MR. CLEVELAND'S REPLY.

The President in reply said: "[redacted] cannot but be profoundly impressed when [redacted] see about [redacted] the messengers of the National Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which [redacted] owe allegiance both honors and commands [redacted]. It places in [redacted] hand its proud standard, and bids [redacted] bear it high at the front in a battle which it wages, bravely because conscious of right, confidently because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes.

"The message which you bring awakens within [redacted] the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender [redacted] is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet [redacted] cannot rid [redacted] of grave and serious thoughts when [redacted] remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and happiness of a nation of freemen.

"Familiarity with the great office which [redacted] hold has but added to [redacted] apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right. For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs.

"This occasion reminds [redacted] most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, [redacted] received a message from [redacted] party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has passed since that day [redacted] can truly say that the feeling of awe with which [redacted] heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now.

"Four years ago [redacted] knew that our Chief Executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people, to whom it belonged, and become a perversion of all it ought to be; but [redacted] did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened. [redacted] knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of a government by the people and for the people; but [redacted] did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. [redacted] knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs; but [redacted] did not know their numerous forms, nor the tenacity of their grasp. [redacted] knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction; but [redacted] did not know how bitter, how reckless and how shameless it could be. [redacted] knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just; but [redacted] did not know how grandly they loved their country, nor how noble and generous they were.

"[redacted] shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the Administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet [redacted] will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high trust confided to [redacted] [redacted] have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of [redacted] oath of office. [redacted] have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given [redacted], seemed most conducive to the welfare of [redacted] countrymen and the promotion of good government. [redacted] would not if [redacted] could, for [redacted] nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of [redacted] course.

"It but remains for [redacted] to say to you, and through you to the Democracy of the nation, that [redacted] accept the nomination with which they have honored [redacted], and that [redacted] will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

Is there some subtle connection between the fraud called Civil Service Reform and personal egotism? We can't recall a single permanent advocate of it, or even a pretender to it, who does not justify the title of Snivel Service Reformer, for his obtrusive cant, and of godkin (little god) for his cockney pretensions.

DANIEL SPARKMAN.

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P. S.—For all little godkins, the omitted words are supplied. Where do they go in?

myself myself
my my my my my my
me me me me me me me me me
I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

IV.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LANDSCAPES.

MR. STODDARD'S article on Matthew Arnold's poetry in the June REVIEW is admirable as suggesting the general characteristics of Arnold's work in this department. A few words concerning a particular phase of his poetic art may be of interest. The subject of landscape portrayal in poetry has always seemed to me to occupy a less important place in study and criticism than it deserves in view of the interest and value belonging to it.

Since that movement in the history of English poetry—which may be said to have begun with James Thompson and to have culminated with Wordsworth—when Nature took a distinct place of her own as a subject, one is always interested to ask what attitude a poet assumes toward Nature, and how he deals with her.

It is, however, of Arnold's treatment of particular scenes that I wish to speak, rather than of any larger philosophy of nature that he may have held. He is very fond of furnishing a natural setting for the human element of his poem, and nowhere does he show himself a truer artist than in some of these brief but vivid pictures. His success here is largely due to what in pictorial art we call "composition"—a much more important element of all literary art than is sometimes realized.

It is given to the imaginative insight not only to perceive clearly and feel intensely the beauty and the power of a scene, but to discern upon what, peculiarly, these qualities depend. There results from this a process of selecting and arranging, of subordinating or rejecting *this*, of heightening or emphasizing *that*, which, while preserving its unity, shall give a sharp, clear impression of the characteristics of a scene. It is the lack of this, for example, that makes Thomson's descriptions of natural scenery—careful and loving as they are—so tedious, and so lacking in effectiveness; they show little sense of the relative values of the elements that go to make up the picture. Not a little of the charm of Arnold's poetry is due to his power to thus briefly but clearly suggest the beauty of a scene by means of a few vigorous, telling touches. The vital meaning of all such statements as the foregoing lies along the line of illustration, and there is space for one or two examples of Arnold's work in this field. Aside from that vague and indescribable charm that must always belong to any imaginative rendering by so true a poetic genius as was Arnold's, aside, too, from the beauty of diction and meter, how much of the force of the pictures depends upon this artistic sense which, with an unerring and unfaltering touch, fixes the attention upon the salient features of the scene, and at the same time gives to each its proper value as part of the picture.

> Far, far from here,
> The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
> Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
> The sunshine in the happy glens is fair;
> And by the sea, and in the brakes,
> The grass is cool, the sea-side air
> Buoyant and fresh, * * *
>
> —*Cadmus and Harmonia.*

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The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

—*Dover Beach.*

The sandy spits, the shore-lock'd lakes,
Melt into open moonlit sea;
The soft Mediterranean breaks
At my feet, free.

Dotting the fields of corn and vine,
Like ghosts, the huge, gnarl'd olives stand.
Behind, that lovely mountain-line!
While, by the strand,

Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright
Far in the bay.

—*A Southern Night.*

FERRIS LOCKWOOD.

V.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

IT is something noteworthy, even in these altruistic times of ours, to find four hundred busy men and women coming together from thousands of miles apart to spend a week in conference upon the most practical questions of social science. If "morality fused with social devotion" is, as has been said, "the most consummate flower of our civilization," that flower was seen in fullest bloom in Buffalo during the first and second weeks of July.

It was remarked by one of the speakers in this conference that were an ancient Greek of the time of Plato to come to life among us, no chemical marvel would so astonish him as would Laura Bridgman. Physical science, with all its progress, has effected nothing so marvelous as the moral and intellectual miracles which have been wrought by Christian philanthropy in the last two generations.

It is often said that conferences like this, being entirely without legislative or judicial power, are a vain show, a waste of words and feeling with no result worth mentioning. No error could be greater. The educating and illuminating power of such a congress is great. A noticeable impulse to legislation was given by the thirteenth conference, held in Washington in 1886, and Johns Hopkins University felt its influence so far as to establish a lectureship on Charity Organization and kindred topics. The men and women who gather in these conferences are not mere theorizers, nor are they simply officials of public institutions of small culture and narrow intellect. The majority of them are actual workers in charity or in penology, who are giving thorough study, not only to their own special topics, but to all kindred subjects, investigating social questions in a spirit entirely scientific as well as human.

No philanthropy, indeed, as was observed at one of the meetings, is truly humane and not scientific, as none is truly scientific and not humane. That physician of repute who said of idiots, "I would kill them all off," was no less unsci-

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entific than inhumane. Science forbids all waste, even the wasted powers of an idiot. Institutions there are which have educated the feeble-minded: what is most needed now is an institution which shall educate the public. This is the especial function of the Conference of Charities and Correction.

Briefly, the results of the conference were, to diagnose the moral disease of the delinquent child and to find the best remedy in manual training; to condemn, from the logic of experience, the subsidizing of sectarian institutions; to show, by facts most scientifically collated, that public relief tends always to perpetuate misery and degradation; to pronounce emphatically against all admixture of politics in penology; to insist upon labor for all convicts; to emphasize the importance of the social idea in reformation of the criminal; to show the value of charity organization as a means of the diffusion of intelligence, and of bringing large numbers of prosperous people into efficient service of the poor, and to bring out into prominence the duty of private citizens, of the church, and of the public press with regard to the great problem of the uplifting and regeneration of humanity.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

VI.

PHILOLOGICAL PUZZLES.

IN the June number of the REVIEW, on page 709, in a communication on the subject of philological curiosities, Mr. E. M. Day refers to *lagniappe* as a word used in New Orleans, and nowhere else, to express a gratuity given by a storekeeper to a child or negro upon a purchase made, and to *brottus* as having the same meaning and use in Savannah, Georgia.

It may interest your readers to learn that in both Peru and Chili the words *la llapa* are used in the same sense, and it would seem that, even if *lagniappe* be not a corruption of *la llapa*, both have the same root.

With regard to *brottus*, it is possibly a corruption from the French *barroter*, "to fill up (a ship) to the beams," and hence "to add something." In this connection I may add that the word used in Mexico, in the same sense as *la llapa*, is *pilon*, and that one of the primary meanings of this word is "heap."

C. W. GOODCHILD.

VII.

THE USE AND USELESSNESS OF TORPEDOES.

IN an article on the late British naval manœuvres in England and the lessons they teach, *Blackwood's Magazine* has some pregnant suggestions on the question of defensive torpedoes or submarine mines. The remarks of the writer, evidently a professional man, have no less bearing on American interests. As the question of coast defense is one of paramount interest, and recent events have brought that interest specially to the front, it is well to consider the matter briefly. Firstly, let us quote the Blackwood writer:

"These mines (speaking of defensive torpedoes) are cheap to buy, but, if war broke out suddenly, would be difficult to get in sufficient quantities. Peace-time is obviously the time to make all preparations, and for such cities as Liverpool and Glasgow to put their house in order by getting a sufficient number of these torpedoes, and some one to keep them in order and put them down in time, the worthy citizens might then, on war being declared, feel pretty secure in their beds from attacks by hostile cruisers. A certain amount of practice in laying down these torpedoes and taking them up again is essential for doing it quickly and properly when the time arrives to repel the enemy. The Royal Engineers are sup-

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posed to defend our coasts with these weapons; but they have neither the men nor the plant to do it except at a few of our arsenals."

If this is true of Great Britain, it is doubly true of the United States. Unlike the former country, we have no great navy, and our coast fortifications would be mere child's play for one hundred ton guns and armored ships. All that we have to depend on is our system of submarine mining, which has been developed to a state of high perfection at Willett's Point, N. Y. To such men as Gen. Henry Abbot and his able successors we owe a great debt of gratitude. But, after all, this system is only on paper, so to speak, and in case of any sudden emergency we should be put to great straits to utilize it to any great advantage. While we have a well planned system level with the foremost science, and a corps of able and skilled officers, both engineers and artillery, who have been trained to its use, we utterly lack the material in store to give the system body. The English writer quoted even underrates the knowledge and experience required to lay and handle submarine mines. The most valuable feature of them is the "shore circuit" class, including "observation" and electro-contact mines. These, with their elaborate electrical connections and shore attachments, take considerable time and great professional skill and care to lay, so as to be sure that they will do their work. In addition to this they would need to be deposited sufficiently in advance of use to give time to have them thoroughly tested.

Again, it is important that large quantities of material, such as dynamite, electrical fuses, torpedo cases, multiple cable, anchors, buoys, circuit-closing apparatus, firing boxes and torpedo picket-boats, with light, quick firing pieces and machine guns to arm them should be in store. Should it be left for us to go to the market for these at the last moment, our scientific system on paper would be worth but a fillip. Before we could get our submarine mines in place, our great seaboard cities could be captured or laid in ashes. As affairs are now, there is not in government store one twentieth part of the material necessary to mine the two approaches of New York City alone. If this deficiency continues the breaking out of war would find us dangerously embarrassed, and no amount of professional skill among our engineers, no excellence of a "station" system would save us. It is impossible to make bricks without straw. True it is that this insufficiency consists for the most part of commercial material, but this does not justify or even palliate our condition of utter unpreparedness. A time might easily arrive when a difference of two weeks in the ability to complete our defensive mining plans would save hundreds of millions of dollars and national sackcloth and ashes.

In the appropriation bill which has passed the conference committee of the two houses of Congress, and is, therefore, likely to become a law, the total amount devoted to military purposes is short of $3,000,000. Of this amount something over two hundred thousand dollars is adjudged to the torpedo system. This is a mere bagatelle. The needs of the torpedo school of instruction alone will absorb a very large portion of this, in all probability. At least double or triple this amount would be required to provide enough material in store, to make it worth our while to have a torpedo system. With our enormous surplus, it ought not to be too much to expect government to be at pains to make our torpedo system at least effective. The complete scientific defense of our seaports with big guns and properly constructed forts would take many years and a formidable number of millions. But very much can be done at a trifling expense to put our torpedo organization into promptly effective working condition, ready for an emergency. That this has not been already done is a disgrace to our government. If it continues to remain undone, we shall be terribly punished for it some day.

JOHN DUDLEY.

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BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

"THIS SON OF VULCAN"* is the title of one of numerous novels from the prolific pens of two English authors. It does not in our judgment stand in the front rank of modern stories. It is voluminous and often tedious, and is altogether wanting in the higher dramatic qualities. On the other hand, it is true and natural in its tone, the characters are drawn with tolerable fidelity, and, with here and there an exception, the situations are not extravagantly impossible. The hero of the story comes into the world at an inopportune time, and under circumstances that may be called tragic. He is the rightful heir to a little barren patch of a farm, but grows up in ignorance of his rights, and becomes a waif and wanderer as the foster child of a drunken peddler. The interest of the story lies in following the fortunes of the child through experience more or less probable until he becomes enlightened as to his inheritance. The principal events take place in and around a town on the northeastern coast of England, which grows up from almost a fishing village to become an important manufacturing centre through the discovery of iron ore in the vicinity, especially on the little barren farm. There is scope, therefore, for an almost endless play of imagination. The chief characters are, in addition to the hero, a foster sister, an English iron master who has grown rich as the reputed owner of the farm, a certain frolicsome lady reputed to be a widow, but who develops a remarkable tact in getting written offers of marriage from the opposite sex, an English rector, and the foster father of our hero. The "widow" gets our hero into her toils, but he struggles desperately under the influence of a purer attachment. There are various minor characters, some of them rascally enough. The most exciting scene is where an ex-jailbird of a tramp fastens a young lad to a half sunken wreck, and quietly sits down on the shore to watch the rising of the tide that is to drown the helpless boy and avenge an imaginary wrong. Some of the love passages in the story are a trifle ludicrous, as, for instance, where an amiable and impressible young gentleman meets more than his match in a girl of eighteen, who calmly addresses him as "my poor boy," as if she were old enough to be his mother. The *denouement* is not in marriage, which to some may seem unfortunate, but the sequel of the love affairs of the hero is left beyond a doubt, though not positively stated. Some of the reflective passages of the book are worth reading carefully, showing a mind or minds capable of taking a just and broadened view of human affairs.

II.

SOCIAL REFORM.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE makes some good, sensible observations upon a variety of practical and social topics in the collected papers entitled "Rents in Our

*"This Son of Vulcan." By Walter Besant and James Rice. Library edition. Dodd, Mead & Co.

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Robes,"* reprinted from various periodicals. The subjects chosen for these little homilies relate chiefly to women. The author sees many points in our social customs with regard to her own sex which need reform, and she writes in so kindly a spirit and withal so modestly that none can take offense and many may be profited by reading her essays. The first article deals with the premature self-government of young ladies and their independence of parental oversight and authority. Other topics discussed are Flirtation, Marriage, Co-education of Boys and Girls, Pretty Women and Handsome Men, Care of Health, Employment, and others of equal interest. There is an absence in these papers of that species of claptrap which consists in discursive talk about woman's rights and man's tyranny. The woman of the future is to be a woman still, with all gracious and feminine loveliness of body and of mind. "No development of woman's mental, spiritual, or executive powers will ever, in one jot or tittle, alter the law of nature which leads her to love, marriage, and maternity." The papers are suggestive rather than dogmatic.

III.

A SPANISH STORY.

In the romance of "Leon Roch,"† by B. Perez Galdós, as translated from the Spanish, there are many features of a good story, and some points that suggest criticism. The hero is a possible character, though a rare one. He is a man of principle, with the courage of his convictions, but, unfortunately, makes some serious blunders in life, from which he cannot extricate himself. He marries a woman who is intensely religious, and of course, being a Spaniard, Catholic, and who makes it the one object of her life to wean him from his liberal, or, as she deems them, skeptical views, and make him a good churchman. The task for her is an impossible one; neither can he make her bend in the least toward his views. This brings about at last alienation, separation, and profound misery. At this point the husband meets an old flame, a widow, as all think, and allows himself the indulgence of a platonic but close and sympathetic friendship. Here is the foundation for a delightful dilemma, and the author makes the most of the situation and produces some telling effects. When once the reader gets into the current of the story he will find himself carried on unresisting to the end; but he will lay down the book with the feeling that it is unfinished. A true man, thoroughly defeated and baffled in his dearest wishes—the purest affections of the heart poured forth in vain—all this is disappointing and gives a cynical flavor to the entire book. The influence for evil of a church and priesthood that yet seem in many things to command veneration leaves one in a state of doubt concerning the church without pointing to a remedy. The part where the husband of the assumed "widow" turns up and interviews the priest seems far-fetched. The man is needlessly and unnaturally self-accusing, and tries to make himself appear a villain for no earthly purpose, and with no particular object in view. The long conversation between the priest and the dying lady is interesting and perfectly natural, but one feels somewhat painfully that this intensely thrilling part of the story must, in the nature of things, be purely imaginative. Still, the picture is life-like, and so are most of the characters introduced in this story.

* "Rents in our Robes." By Mrs. Frank Leslie. Belford, Clarke & Co.

† "Leon Roch;" A Romance. By B. Perez Galdós. From the Spanish by Clara Bell. 2 vols. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

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IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE horrors of the Charleston earthquake are most vividly described in E. P. Roe's latest novel, "The Earth Trembled."* The story from beginning to end is filled with interest, and gives the reader a clear appreciation of the feelings existing in some of the old families of the South, toward the North, at the present day. The insight into the negro character is also excellent. Perhaps Mara, the heroine, in her intense loyalty to her parents, both victims of the war, is a trifle overdrawn, but the charming manner in which the book closes compensates for that, and on the whole it is a most attractive work.

Mr. Stockton possesses the rare faculty of inspiring a deep personal interest in his characters, and in no other creations has he had better success in this particular than in his study of these notable and optimistic housewives, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, unless we except the immortal "Pomona," of Rudder Grange fame. A sequel to the adventures of these feminine Cheeryble brothers was inevitable, and although "The Dusantes"† lacks the fresh touches of its predecessor, and has the appearance of being executed when its author had lost something of his original interest in his heroines, it is a delightfully humorous creation, and will be appreciated by all mirth-loving readers. No one but Mr. Stockton could have contrived the meeting with the Dusantes on the snow-capped California mountain, and the glorious toboggan slide from the summit to the green vales below. The reader shares the keen excitement of the ride, and draws a long breath when it is all over and the precious ginger-jar is found in good condition.

"A Critical History of Sunday Legislation," by Dr. Lewis,‡ has a introductory chapter on the origin and philosophy of laws pertaining to the observance of the Sabbath. The work is mainly compilation rather than an original dissertation, and therefore does not call for critical analysis. The author's aim is to show that, from the earliest times, legislation concerning the Sabbath has been based upon religion, and he fortifies his position by profuse illustrations from the history of Sabbath laws in Rome, the British Isles, and America. The legislative decrees in our own states and territories are given in full, and will be new to many readers. The work is ably edited, and indicates extended and thoughtful research.

Professor Cossa's able treatise§ on the principles and methods of taxation, which has already been translated into the German, Swedish, Russian, Polish, and Spanish languages, has lately been introduced to English speaking readers by Mr. Horace White. The work of the translator is sufficiently complimented by the statement that, but for the preface, the reader would hardly discover the fact that the theme was originally written in the Italian language. The basal principles of finance are set forth in a clear, succinct, yet remarkably comprehensive manner. The systematic arrangement of the subdivisions of the subject facilitates the student's comprehension and is occasionally pushed to far. No attempt is made to settle the vexed question of protection versus free trade, nor does the author discuss custom duties except in their fiscal aspect. He keeps well to his

* "The Earth Trembled." By Edward P. Roe. Dodd, Mead & Co.

† "The Dusantes." By Frank R. Stockton. The Century Company.

‡ "A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from 321 to 1888." By A. H. Lewis, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

§ "Taxation; Its Principles and Methods." Translated from the "Scienza Delle Finanze," of Dr. Luigi Cossa, Professor in the University of Pavia, Italy, with an introduction and notes by Horace White. Together with a compilation of the state tax systems of New York and Pennsylvania. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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plan of presenting general principles, and carefully avoids all side issues. To the student of political economy, the book will be of more than ordinary value for reference, and those whose ideas of public revenue and expenditure of taxes and imposts are crude or chaotic have an excellent opportunity to become wise in these matters, whose interest is constantly increasing. The bibliography of the science of finance is remarkably comprehensive, including works in the German, French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Russian and Greek languages. Readers in the Eastern States of America will find interesting matter in the appendix, which includes accounts of the existing tax systems of New York state and city, and of Pennsylvania, together with a brief summary of the Pennsylvania Tax Commission bill, which failed to become a law through the inadvertent omission of the signature of the President, pro tempore, of the Senate. The revenues of these States for the year 1887 are also given.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Ninety-three. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Helen B. Dole. 2 vols.
The Toilers of the Sea. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. 2 vols.
Notre Dame de Paris. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. 2 vols.

Charles Scribner's Sons.
History of the Christian Church. Philip Schaff, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Vol. VI. Modern Christianity—The German Reformation, A.D. 1517–1530.
Around the World on a Bicycle. Vol. II. From Teheran to Yokohama. Thomas Stevens. Illustrated.

Cassell & Company.
Principles of the Economic Philosophy of Society, Government and Industry. Van Buren Denslow, LL.D.

D. Appleton & Co.
The Origin of Floral Structures. Rev. George Henslow.
The Mystery of the Ocean Star. A collection of Maritime Sketches. W. Clark Russell.
The Elect Lady. George Macdonald.
Seven Conventions. A. W. Clason.
A History of the United States and Its People. For the use of Schools. Edward Eggleston.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Federalist. A Commentary on the Constitution of the United States. A Collection of Essays. Reprinted from the Original Text of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison. Edited by Henry Cabot Lodge.
The President's Message, 1887. With annotations by R. R. Bowker.
The President's Message, 1887. With illustrations by Thomas Nast.

Worthington Company.
Studies in Criticism. Florence Trail.

Dodd, Mead & Company.
Remember the Alamo. Amelia E. Barr.

Laird & Lee, Chicago.
God Reigns. Lay Sermons by Edward Reynolds Roe, M.D.

Ticknor & Company.
A History of Presidential Elections. Edward Stanwood. Second edition, revised.

Jordan, Marsh & Company.
Jack in the Bush. Robert Grant.

J. B. Lippincott Company.
Book of Day Dreams. Charles Leonard Moore.

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